

Leatherneck

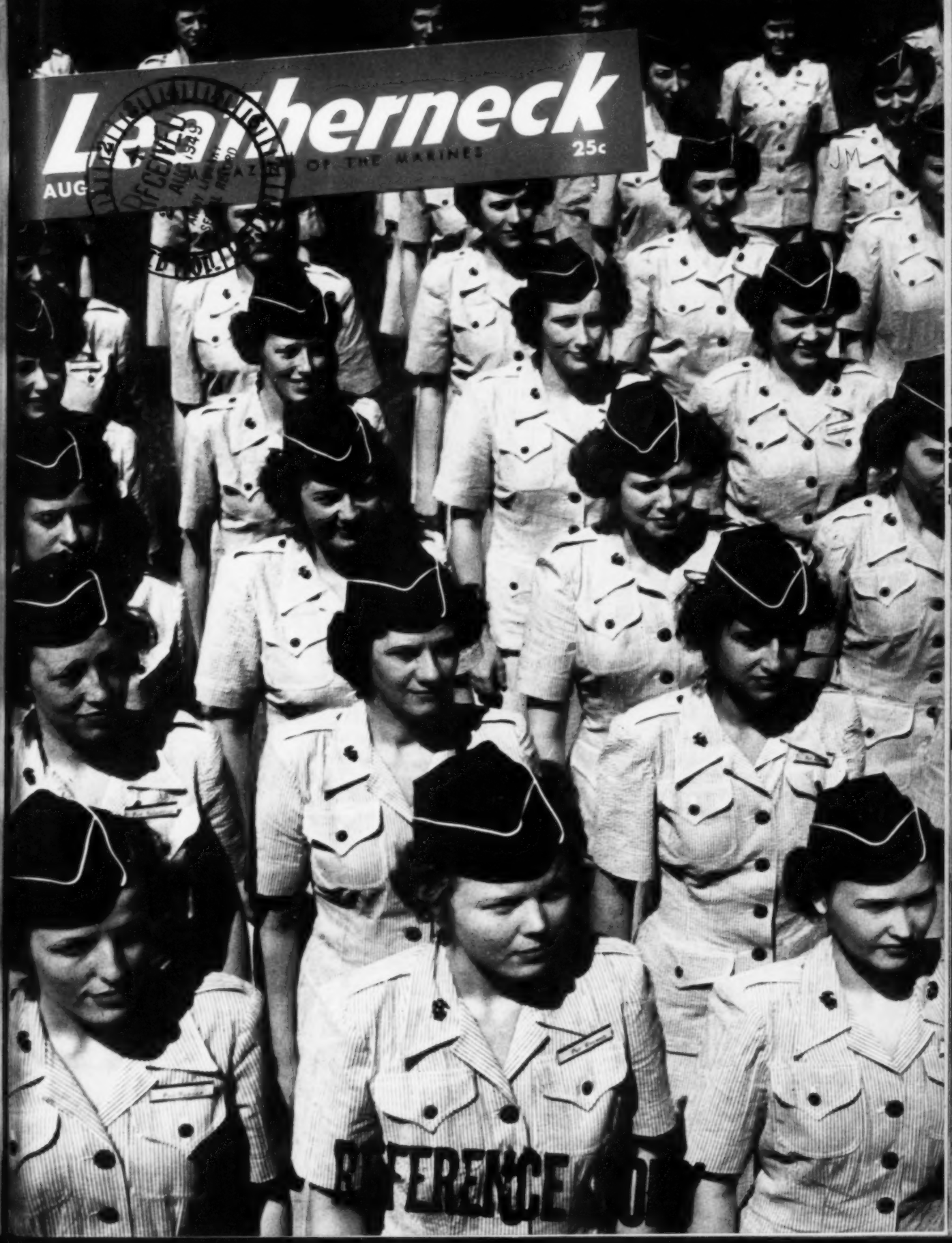
AUG

OF THE MARINES

25c



REFERENCE ROOM



FIRST EPISTLE TO THE RECRUITS



LO, All ye miserable sinners, entering through the Vale of Tears called boot camp into the Land of Khaki and Forest Green, hearken unto my words: for I have dwelt in this land for many months and mine eyes have witnessed all manner of folly and woe.

2. Verily have I tasted of the bitter Fruit of TS and drained the dregs of the Cup of Snafu:

3. Gird up thy loins, my son, and seize fast upon thy globe and anchor: but act slowly and with exceeding care and hearken first to the counsel of a wiser and sadder man than thou:

4. Beware thou the Sergeant who is called First; he hath a pleased and foolish look but he concealeth a serpent in his heart.

5. Avoid him when he speaketh low and his lips smileth; he smileth not for thee; his heart rejoiceth at the sight of thy youth and thine ignorance.

6. He will smile and smile and work all manner of evil against thee. A wise man shunneth the company office, but the fool shall dwell in the galley forever.

7. Unto all things there is a time: there is a time to speak and a time to be silent: be thou like unto stone in the presence of thy superiors, and keep thy tongue when they shall call for volunteers.

8. The wise man searcheth out the easy details, but only a fool sticketh out his neck.

9. Look thou with disfavor upon the newly made corporal: he prizeth much his stripes and is proud and foolish; he laugheth and joketh much with the older non-coms and looketh upon the private with a frown.

10. He would fain go to OCS, but he is not qualified.

11. Know thou that the Sergeant of the Mess is a man of many moods; when he looketh pleased and his words are like honey, the wise mess man seeketh him out and praiseth his chow and laugheth much at his jests:

12. But when he moveth with great haste and the sweat standeth on his brow and he curseth under his breath, make thyself scarce; for he will fall like a whirlwind upon the idle, and the eightball shall know his wrath.

13. The Supply Sergeant is a lazy man and worketh not; but he is the keeper of many good things: if thou wouldst wear well-fitting raiment and avoid the statement of charges, make him thy friend.

14. He prizeth drunkenness above all things.

15. He careth not for praise or flattery, but lend him thy lucre and thy liquor and he will love thee.

16. Hell hath no fury like a Shavetail scorned: he walketh with a swagger and regardeth the enlisted man with a raised eyebrow; he looketh upon his bars with exceeding pleasure and loveth a salute mightily.

17. Act thou lowly unto him and call him sir and he will love thee.

18. Damned be he who standeth first in line of chow and shortstopeth the dessert and secureth the joe.

19. He taketh from the meat dish with a heavy hand and leaveth thee the bony part.

20. He is thrice cursed, and all people, even unto the Pfcs, will revile him and spit upon him: for his name is called Chow Hound, and he is an abomination.

21. Know thou the Big Operator, but trust him not; he worketh always upon a deal and he speaketh confidentially.

22. He knoweth many women and goeth into town every night; he borroweth all thy money; yea, even unto thy beer chits.

23. He promiseth to fix thee up, but doth it not.

24. Beware thou the Old Man, for he will make thee sweat; when he approacheth, look thou on the ball; he loveth to chew upon thy posterior.

25. Keep thou out of his sight and let him not know thee by name; for he who arouseth the wrath of the Old Man shall go many times unto the chaplain.

26. Know thou well the way that is wrong and the way that is right and avoid these ways like the plague; for thy way, henceforth, is the Marine Corps way which changeth by directive from sun to sun. The wise man sweateth it out, tho it fouleth him up exceedingly, and snoweth him even unto the day his stripes rivalleth the zebra.

Selah. . .

(Author Unknown)



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*Kodachrome cover by Louis Lowery, Leatherneck
Photographic Director.*

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SOUND OFF

Edited by

Sgt. Harry Polete

ACE WANTS PICTURES

Sir:

I wonder if you could tell me where to write to inquire about some pictures taken overseas. These pictures were taken of our outfit—Air Warning Squadron II—on Peleliu by a Marine Air Group photographer, shortly after the end of the war.

I would like to have a set or at least part of them as they were mostly of a lot of good buddies of mine.

E. L. "Ace" Aasen

498 South Heath St.
Coquille, Ore.

● The pictures you mention are not on file at HQMC. However, we are publishing this letter in hope that someone who has copies of these pictures will contact Ace.—Ed.

NO DIG AT LEATHERNECK

Sir:

This is no dig at *Leatherneck*, but in April's issue "Inauguration Day," if you'll check I'm sure that you will find that President Truman is the 33rd President to take oath of Office, not the 32nd.

John C. Sauers

Wheeling W. Va.

● We will have to stick by our guns on this one, still maintaining that President Truman was the 32nd. You are probably overlooking the fact that Grover Cleveland had two separate terms as president and is listed as the 22nd President, only. We quote this information from the *New York World-Telegram's World Almanac for 1949*.—Ed.

TURN PAGE

THIS MONTH'S COVER . . .

THE sunbaked young women pictured on our cover were deluged by photographers during their stay at Parris Island. They were the first platoon of women recruits to be trained there. For further information and more pictures by Louis Lowery see "High Heeled Boots", page 6.

He's on the right course -he's got

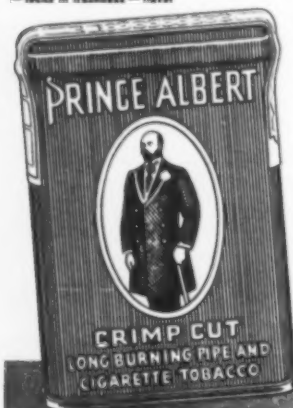
P.A.*



P.A.* means Pipe Appeal
Most any woman will tell you that the man who smokes
a pipe has an extra-masculine attractiveness!

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BOTTOM OF THE BOWL!"

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The National Joy Smoke

SOUND OFF (cont)

NOW HEAR THIS!

SOME of you Sound Off correspondents have been writing in without signing your names to the letters.

We can't print these unsigned gripes even if they are juicy. (And many of them are!) So sign 'em, and if you don't want your name printed, just ask us to hold our fire and we will.

We don't want anyone to get caught in the middle for Sound-ing Off, so sign your letters and we'll withhold your name --if that's the way you want it. Everything will be strictly confidential.

Sound Off!

FUNERAL PROCEDURE

Sir:

We would like some concrete information on a subject that has been discussed pretty thoroughly among us, but nothing decided. Would you, as pall bearers carry the casket with the feet or head of the deceased to the front?

Joseph R. Pernelli

Bronx, N. Y.

• In the Landing Force Manual 10-24 (h) it states: "The casket is always carried foot first, except that the casket of a clergyman is carried into and out of the church or chapel head first.—Ed.



TWENTY-SECOND MARINE AWARD

Sir:

Have been hearing some scuttlebutt to the effect that someone finally got around to recognizing the battle that captured Eniwetok Atoll, Marshall Island. If my information is correct the Twenty-second was awarded the Navy Unit Commendation Ribbon for its part in this campaign. Can you verify this?

Honas R. Smith

Pittsburgh, Pa.

• A recently published memorandum from the Navy Department announced the award of the Navy Commendation Ribbon to the Twenty-second Marine (Reinf) for their actions in the capture of Eniwetok Atoll. Personnel who served with the regiment and re-inforcing units February 17 to 22, 1944, may wear the Navy Commendation Ribbon. As part of the First Provisional Marine Brigade, the Twenty-second was also previously awarded the NUC for the recapture of Guam.—Ed.

DATE OF RANK

Sir:

There has been quite a problem in our office concerning the date of rank of a person after he has been busted.

The question which I am inquiring about is: if a master sergeant, or any other rated man, has been busted to the next inferior rank will his rank be dated the same as when he first held the rank. In other words if a man was busted from master sergeant to technical sergeant would his date of rank be the same as it was when he first held the rank of technical sergeant.

Corporal LeRoy E. Robinett
MCAS Cherry Point, N. C.

● If a man is reduced by disciplinary action, the date of rank of inferior rank reduced to, will be as of the day the findings and proceedings of the court-martial were approved. If you are referring to the several master sergeants who were reduced to technical sergeant by the Commandant, Lofl lists their date of rank as 1 January, 1942, and makes them the senior technical sergeants in the Aviation Functional field.

—Ed.



PARADE NOISES

Sir:

Have you ever noticed the difficulty the company commander, being at the head of the column, has in making his commands heard by all men back to the rear of the column? Why isn't some visual means devised that all units could get the command of execution simultaneously. It would look much better if all units executed a movement at once instead of just the first unit, with the rest following by degrees.

Corp. John Winters

Camp Lejeune

● We assume you are referring to movements such as bringing the company onto line with commands "Platoons, column left, march!", or a similar movement. A company commander can get a very creditable showing by having his guidon bearer extend his guidon smartly above his head (as far as arms will permit from normal carry position) on the company commander's preparatory command. Platoon leaders will then pass this command along to their platoons and all eyes will find the guidon which will be high enough at the front of the column for all to see. At the company commander's command of execution, the guidon bearer will smartly return his guidon to the carry position and all units execute the command at the drop of the guidon.

—Ed.

ORIGIN OF THE SALUTE

Sir:

What is the origin of the salute (military) as we know it today?

Corp. Lester Brown
Oceanside, Calif.

● The genesis of the military salute is shrouded in the mysteries of the ages. However, it is known that in the Age of Chivalry the knights were all mounted and wore steel armor which covered the body completely, including the head and face. When two friendly knights met, it was the custom for each to raise the visor and expose his face to the view of the other. This was always done with the right hand, the left being used to hold the reins of his mount. It was a significant gesture of friendship and confidence, since it exposed the features and also removed the right hand—the sword hand—from the vicinity of the weapon. The salute is a sign of recognition between two persons—comrades in the honorable profession of arms.—Ed.



YOU TELL HIM, GERALD

Sir:

I want to prove a fact here and the only way to do it is to write you.

It so happens that there is an ex-Navy boy here who was an office pinky and says he knows from being a pinky that there never was a man in the service who has put in over 20 or 30 years.

I told him about Master Sergeant Bartley of Quantico who has served 41 years in, re-enlisted for another cruise, and is still on active duty—but he doesn't believe me.

Please print this in "Sound Off" so I can prove to this pinky that he isn't the only one who knows something about the service.

Civilian Marine
Gerald M. Trupiano

Chicago, Ill.

● Nice going, Gerald! We always like to hear from people who display enough interest in the Corps to absorb some of the less well-known facts. The pinky is dead wrong. Master Sergeant Bartley is still going strong and will probably continue to so for many years more. Last month's issue of Leatherneck carried an article concerning him. Another old timer of whom you may wish to remind the pinky is Master Sergeant Deakins who retired last year after more than 40 years service.—Ed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 51)

Gosh, look how I'm beat up. With all these scuffs and scratches, no wonder I'm always catching K. P.



Don't be a jerk. Use Dyanshine. It stains scuffs and faded spots to a smooth, even tone as it shines.



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UNITED STATES MARINES



AROUND THE WORLD

ON LAND • ON SEA • IN THE AIR

BULLETIN BOARD

Navy Wives Clubs

THE NAVY Wives Clubs of America, a national organization open for membership to all wives of men in the Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard, Regular or Reserve, are now engaged in a drive to secure new members and organize new clubs. The NWCA organization was incorporated in 1936 and has granted chapters to clubs throughout the United States, Cuba, Panama, China, the Philippines, Alaska and Hawaii.

The wives of men in the naval service have joined together for the purpose of rendering mutual assistance to members. They will bear a hand with the packing when a member wife's husband gets transferred, help incoming members get settled at new stations, baby sit while mothers shop, etc. The social life of members is enhanced by parties, picnics, dances, and various other social functions for the entertainment of members and family.

Initiation fees are \$1.00, and dues are \$.90 a year for National per capita tax, and \$.20 a month for local dues.

Navy wives interested in joining one of these clubs, or organizing a new club should see their local chaplain who is cooperating with this organization in their drive, or write to Mrs. J. F. Campbell, National Publicity Chairman, NWCA, 4306 Commonwealth Avenue, Toledo 12, Ohio.

WOMEN MARINES' EXAMS

THE recent professional proficiency examinations prescribed for Marines by Marine Corps Memorandum 5-49 will not be administered to Women Marines. Promotion exams for the ladies are being prepared by the Testing and Educational Unit, Marine Corps Schools, and will be administered when they are distributed.

Until the exams are administered, the lack of General Military Subject Test marks will not be prejudicial to Women Marines in considering their qualifications for promotion.

INSIGNIA CHANGES

THE Secretary of the Navy has approved the adoption of the three-eighths of an inch service ribbon in lieu of the half inch ribbon presently authorized. Until October 1, 1951, either size ribbon may be worn, but the wearing of mixed size ribbons is prohibited. After that date the wearing of the smaller ribbon will be mandatory.

When it becomes necessary to renew ribbons presently worn, the auxiliary insignia will be changed as follows:

Gold and silver stars, five-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, will replace the present size of three-eighths of an inch.

The bronze letters "V" and "A" and the silver letter "W", a quarter of an inch in height, will replace the current three-eighths of an inch letter.

Bronze stars and the Maltese cross authorized for wear on suspension ribbons of large medals and service ribbons will be three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter.

Stars worn on the suspension ribbons of miniature medals will be an eighth of an inch in diameter. All other insignia will be an inch in height.

WARRANT OFFICER APPOINTMENTS

HHEADQUARTERS has announced that the appointment of men to the rank of warrant officer is not anticipated. When a program is initiated, recommendations from commanding officers will be invited. At that time new recommendations will be required in the cases of all who have been previously recommended.

In the past, many of the recommendations were acknowledged and the recommending source informed that the Marine would be considered for appointment if a program was established. Many of the recommendations are now several years old and will not be used as a basis for current selection.

High Heeled Boots

Photos by Louis Lowery

Leatherneck Photographic Division



Girls from all parts of the United States walk into a new and exciting way of life at Parris Island

The Women Marine recruits

land and establish a

beachhead at Parris Island

by Sgt. William Milhon

Leatherneck Staff Writer



NO MANS Land is very quiet in the early morning. Serene. At peace. There is no hint of the battle to come; no suggestion of the furious melee to follow. The zero hour is 0545.

"Hit the deck!" screams the duty NCO, and 31 tousled, sleepy-eyed, young women attack another day in boot camp.

Roll call goes informally, between yawns. The girls stretch, groan, dope-off for a couple of seconds, and then scramble into their clothing. Minor mishaps occur: a broken strap, a run in a stocking, or a fouled-up shoe shine. But the girls have learned teamwork. They operate with a fine unity and

without much conscious effort. Sacks are made up. Water is poured on the girls who have gone back to sleep. The girl who has chronic girdle trouble wails for help. She's got her zipper stuck again.

A muffled call sounds from below. "That's muster, Buster." And there's a last-second tugging at skirts and hitch at slips before the wild stampede down the ladders. The first platoon of Women Marine recruits falls out, thunderously, for chow.

Private Marjorie Ryland, whose life in boot camp is depicted on these pages, was not the best, nor the worst, nor for that matter the prettiest girl in the platoon. She's just an average



Pvt. Marjorie Ryland from Longbeach, California was our typical girl recruit

At Port Royal, the last outpost of civilization, the girls get directions from W. A. Talbert, the old conductor who has

brought Marines to P. I. since 1902. "When does the next train leave?" asks Ryland. She'll catch it in six weeks





The victim is shot, slightly after sunrise, in the military manner. Needling the boots, a practice not entirely medical at P. I., keeps them in the pink physically



A WM's hair may touch but not cover her collar—most girls got permanents

American girl, a blue-eyed blonde, 23 years old; weight 115 lbs.; height 5 feet, 5½ inches. Like the other girls she had previous secretarial experience. She attended business college in her home town, Long Beach, Calif. Later she worked for the local chamber of commerce. She has three brothers, all formerly of the Army Air Corps. "I guess I'm the black sheep of the family," Ryland says. "I saw the Marine Corps ad in the newspaper, and here I am."

Some of the girls joined for adventure and travel. They had never been away from home before. Some came in for the educational advantages. A few had been sweethearts of Marines killed in action. But whatever the reason for signing up, none of the girls regrets it. "I've never had so much fun before—" was the usual comment.

They came from every section of the United States, and arrived with misgivings at Parris Island. Parris Island was nervous, too. The 3rd Recruit Training Battalion, No Man's Land, had been set up hastily, and the schedule was untried. Captain Margaret M. Henderson was in charge. But she had no previous experience at training recruits. Neither had the four lieutenants on her staff; nor the 16 NCO's. They kept their fingers crossed and sweated it out. But after the first flurry of physicals, clothing issue, classification, and orientation, the training program moved along in high gear.



Close order drill is a cinch for the women—"It's like dancing," they say

When a girl fouls up she receives a short inspirational talk from the DI

Morning chow goes at 0615. Then the girls troop back to the barracks for police detail. They sweep, swab, dust, polish, and pick up all the stray kittens. (A kitten is a ball of lint that scampers across the deck as if it were alive.) "At first," the girls reported, "we gave the barracks the quick treatment, like we used to do at home. Gee, we were sloppy housekeepers in civilian life." At P.I. they learn to do it well and fast. All details are secured by 0730, and the girls relax until the sergeant pays an unscheduled visit to their squadroom.

"Attention!" shriek the boots. There is an uneasy moment of ominous silence, while they search their consciences.

"Awright," bawls the sergeant. "You recruits will have 57 cents ready at 1300. It is to pay for a lock and two bronze buttons for your caps. Carry on."

The girls have to buy everything they wear. They get a clothing allowance of \$280.86. After they pay for winter and summer uniforms, alterations and what not they spend the remainder on personal articles. They can choose their own weapons in this line: lipstick, undies, perfumes, and other items of female armament. Nail polish is taboo during training.

Before the WM's get settled again, the cry "Muster" rings from below and the recruits stampede to their first class of the day—usually, drill. Girls really shine at close order. Drilling is like dancing to them. They can pick up an intricate maneuver the first time it is explained. This snows the male DIs and makes them feel unnecessary. They will give the women five rear marches in quick succession, just to foul them up, in order that the outraged male may bawl impressively:



Like male boots, the girls

take basic Marine instruction



Girls who are accustomed to cabs and trolleys find the pace blistering at P. I. Pvt. Ryland, Lovil, and Dupuy visit Lt. jg Ullman who takes their feet in hand



The girls always get a pick up in the morning—policing the barracks area



Sgt. Margaret Leier gives them the scoop on correspondence. Women Marines are trained, with an accent on clerical work, to relieve desk-bound combat men

P. I. teaches the women to work and live more efficiently



Luxing their undies in the laundry room is a daily chore. Giving out the Ivory snow job from left to right: Pvts. Orsini, Blatchford, Ryland, Bagby and Hoover



Electric dryers speed up the laundry detail—time from tub to ironing board is about 20 minutes—ironing gives the girls a chance to catch up on yackety yack

"Awright. You people ARE NOT LISTENING!"

The platoon, marching smartly with a 26 inch pace, scored a remarkable 4.5 average in drill.

DIs experienced in handling men had to dry clean their vocabularies for the women. Furthermore they had to learn not to "Sir" the women officers. You "Ma'am" them. After weeks of "Ma'-aming," the DIs had perfected the technique. That is, until a major (male) of the general staff came around on an inspection tour and asked the DI a question. "Yes, Ma'am," replied the DI.

"Ma'am bedamned!" roared the flabbergasted major.

DIs are a sorry lot. Nobody loves them.

Except the girls, of course. "Gosh they're handsome," they sigh.

The girls take a break after the drill period and fall out again at 0900 armed with books. One of their platoon sergeants takes over then with a swing-version cadence count that is the envy of all DIs.

Staff Sergeant Betty Schultz of Chicago, Illinois is typical of the hard working non-coms who have made the 3rd battalion a success. Betty has been in the Corps since 1943. She served overseas at Mauna Loa Ridge, Oahu, where she drove a jeep, a bus, and a dump truck. "Yes," she admits, "I drove a garbage truck, too, in Quantico, 1944."

The recruits describe Sgt. Schultz in



Caught doping off—Ryland, Kent and Roth catch EPD, scrubbing the ladder



Mail call goes after evening chow. The girls get a lot of letters—some from home, some from Marines on the base



Pvt. Mary Laux makes a terrific error in judgement when she naively opens a box from home in the recreation room

this manner: "She's swell—but very GI."

And Schultz speaks proudly of her girls: "They're good kids—perfect dolls—I wonder what meanness they're up to, now?" Then she sounds off rhythmically: "Awm Hup Hreep . . . Ho-hreep, Po, Yo, Lo!" and her little angels march off to building 912 of Instruction Company.

They spend about five periods a day in the class room getting a sound basic knowledge of the Marine Corps, its administration, history, regulations and customs. Their instruction is designed to fit them for secretarial and clerical billets, but general military subjects such as Interior Guard, First Aid, and Personal Hygiene are included.

Chow goes between 1130 and 1200, and the women really go for the Marine Corps food. "It's beautiful," they say reverently, while they are gaining an average of five pounds each. The plump girls are apprehensive lest they turn into captive balloons—but actually the increased activity of boot camp sometimes reduces their weight. The thin girls do all right, too. One rail-type woman who cast a pencil-thin shadow weighed in at P.I. at 98 lbs. She left in fighting condition weighing exactly what she should, an agreeably curved 122.

Immediately after chow the women Marines report back to the class room for another period of instruction. The remainder of their afternoon may be taken up by any number of fascinating activities; athletics, for instance,—a fast game of softball or basketball. Physical education also has less attractive aspects—calisthenics or lessons in posture. The girls are taught to be Marines

first and ladies second, but they must walk like ladies, and they learn this by balancing a book on their heads.

They didn't do well at swimming. Most of them flunked out on their test of retrieving a rifle from the bottom of the pool. Only a small percentage qualified, but the swimming instructor at the rifle range pool commented, like a gentleman, on their aquatic ability: "They look very nice in their bathing suits."

The best way to spend an afternoon is to go on a field-trip. But this doesn't mean a ten mile hike for the girls. They ride in comfort. A huge semi-bus trailer hauls them about the base. Once they visited plantations in the Yemassee and Beaufort areas. But the main purpose of the field trip is to see how the other half lives—the girls watch the male recruits sweating out weapons training, learning much by observation.

TURN PAGE



This is supposed to be a squadroom just before lights out, but, it is obviously a faked shot as the girls are fully clothed. Ryland, doping off, writing a letter

HIGH HEELED BOOTS (cont.)



Women Marines, striding toward model posture, learn a graceful gait under the expert direction of Sgt. Barbara Ames. She teaches them strictly by the book

But the girls came through nobly on one occasion. They had already taken their Chemical Warfare drill in the gas chamber—taking off their masks in the gas chamber and singing with tears in their eyes, two stanzas of the Marine Corps Hymn. Later, at Elliott's beach they walked calmly

through a fog of tear gas without protection. The male boots wore masks.

The best thing about a field trip is the singing. The girls have fine voices and they have a song of their own to the tune "I've been Working on the Railroad." The lyrics were written by "Meatball" Blatchford, right guide of

the platoon, and "Tommy" Thompson. It goes like this:

*I've been drilling on the drill field
all the livelong day.
I've been drilling on the drill field
just to pass the time away.
Can't you hear the DI shouting,
"Won hop column right?"
Can't you hear the sergeant
shouting, "The dress is to the
right?"
Giants in the front,
Midgets out of sight,
One feather merchant
Guiding right.
Strange as it may seem,
This is not a dream,
For we are the first
Of the Women Marines.*

Sounds corny. But when a bunch of enthusiastic young women swing into it, in good harmony, it's really something to hear.

The lyrics were published later in the Marine Corps Book of Songs.

At 1630 the training day ends, and the girls have a chance to fritter away some time. They have exactly three minutes to undress, take a shower, dress again and muster for mail call before evening chow. But their time is their own after that, although they can't leave the area. They are free to go to the PX at 1800 provided the platoon leader goes along.

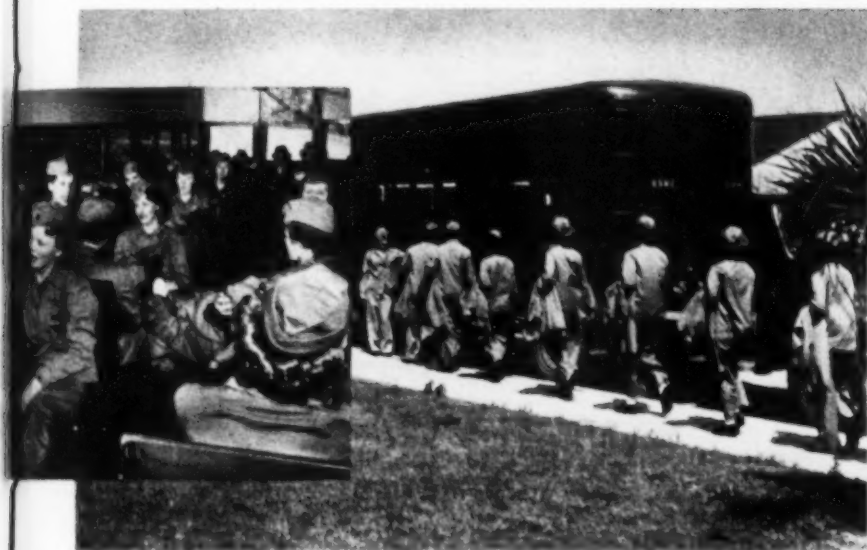
Washing, ironing, and shoe shining takes place, when the girls get around to it, sometime before lights out at 2200. Evenings are spent singing, dancing, and playing the piano in the recreation room.



This type of calisthenic exercise, designed to keep the girls in good shape consists of 16 assorted muscular contortions



Ryland, throwing curves right back at the pitcher, whams out a blooming single during a riotous physical ed session



In the gas chamber, sans masks and harmony, they sing the Marine Hymn



HIGH HEELED BOOTS (cont.)

On Fridays the girls have a GI party. A thorough clean-up of their squad-room, the heads, the ladders, and the recreation room. The decks are waxed and polished to a mirror finish. One irritated recruit was overheard as she applied goo to the deck just before an inspection by a group of Army officers:

"WAX! WAX! WAX! Why in heck didn't I join the WACS!"

This story was denied vehemently by all hands and the girls swore there was

no traitor concealed in their platoon.

Though boot camp is definitely not a physical ordeal for women, there were casualties. Lieutenant Hale, the training officer, fractured a finger badly the first time she played softball; one girl cracked a clavicle. Pvt. Bonnie Lovil of Locksburg, Ark., distinguished herself by being carted off to the hospital the day she arrived. She had the measles. Another woman, who must remain nameless, got sick from over-eating the day they visited Parris Island's ice cream factory.

Theoretically, the girls did not see any Marines. No Marines spoke to them. They were in a small isolation area separated from the remainder of P.I. by a high wall of Marine Directive. The platoon leaders were always with them when it was necessary to venture on to the main station. The girls denied that they had talked so it came as a distinct shock to Staff Sergeant Dorothy Sullivan and Sgt. Betty Schultz when they discovered that the little lambs were all dated up for the first night of liberty. A few of the girls



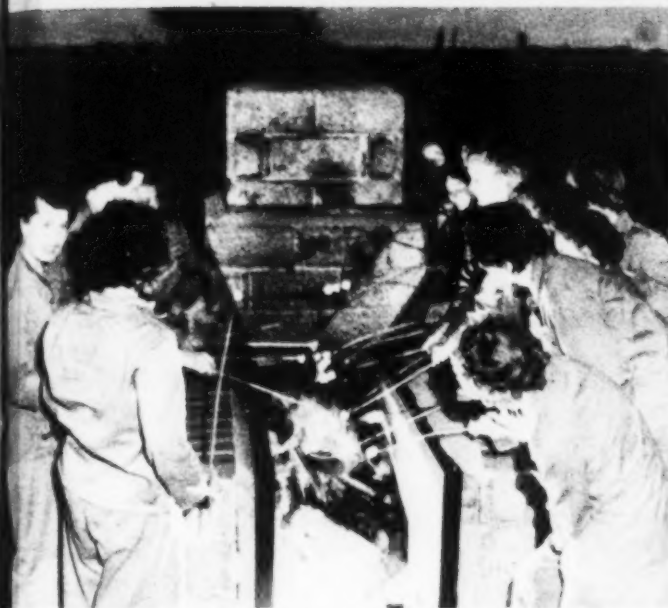
The male boots wore masks; but the women went through the tear gas without protection



Ryland, getting material for a book entitled "My Life in a Foxhole," looks for the fox. On field trips girls get chance to see how the other half lives



All worn out after a hard afternoon's work—observing the male recruit in training at Elliott's Beach—the women rate a reward, tutti-fruity ice cream



At the picnic to celebrate the last training day, the recruits waxed emotional, wept freely, and swore undying friendship



Two songs led the first platoon's hit parade: "Now is the Hour" and a parody to "I've been Working on the Railroad"

had multiple dates; one WM proudly announced that she had dates with every rate from Pfc through Technical Sergeant.

The platoon leaders are still trying to figure it out.

Of course the girls wear large name tags prominently displayed on their persons. Most P.I. Marines have keen eye-sight. The rest have binoculars. All of them can read. So it is a very simple matter for the smitten male to write a gooey letter enclosing a photograph and a list of qualifications and address it to Pvt. Josephine Blow of the 3rd recruit BN. Possibly the flood of mail that poured into the WM platoon originated on the base. It will remain a mystery.

Eight training periods a day; 44 a week. It was fun. The girls became dependent on the good feeling of unity. But even before the final examinations, a small sadness had come upon the platoon. The girls laughed more, but the sadness was there, touching each of them. They grew closer together; and the Platoon as a person became stronger. Yet it was about to die.

Half of the platoon would go directly to Washington, D.C. The other half would attend Personnel Administration School at P. I. The break-up was a real tragedy to the girls.

On graduation day they stood on the drill field and the band played "Now is the Hour," their platoon song. They wept as Colonel Katherine A. Towle, Director of the Women Marines, delivered the graduation address.

Boot camp had given them a stock of

memories and a new way of life. Now they were Marines with an exciting career ahead of them.

In two World Wars, women have worn the Marine uniform, and served it well. Some 305 Marinettes filled clerical positions in War I. During War II, 23,145 Women Reserves replaced fighting Marines in almost every type billet except actual combat. They did a magnificent job. Demobilization in 1946 left only 118 WRs on active duty. Today the WMs, though numerically small, are continuing their important

work: freeing desk-bound Marines for duty in the field.

The Marine Corps for the first time in its history offers a career to young women, giving them the same advantages as men. A Women Officers' Training Class has been organized at Quantico.

Even the die-hards who believe women should stay at home, are coming around to Col. Towle's view:—"The women have earned a permanent place for themselves in the military establishment."

END



The neophyte Women Marines proudly stand their final inspection, reviewed by General A. H. Noble and staff, and Colonel Katherine Towle, WM Director

SHELBY'S RESERVES

Montana morale is high
even though the
mercury goes 40° below

by Sgt. Frank Goss

Leatherneck Staff Writer

THE Citizen Marines of Shelby, Montana's Company E have every right to be proud of their 172-man outfit.

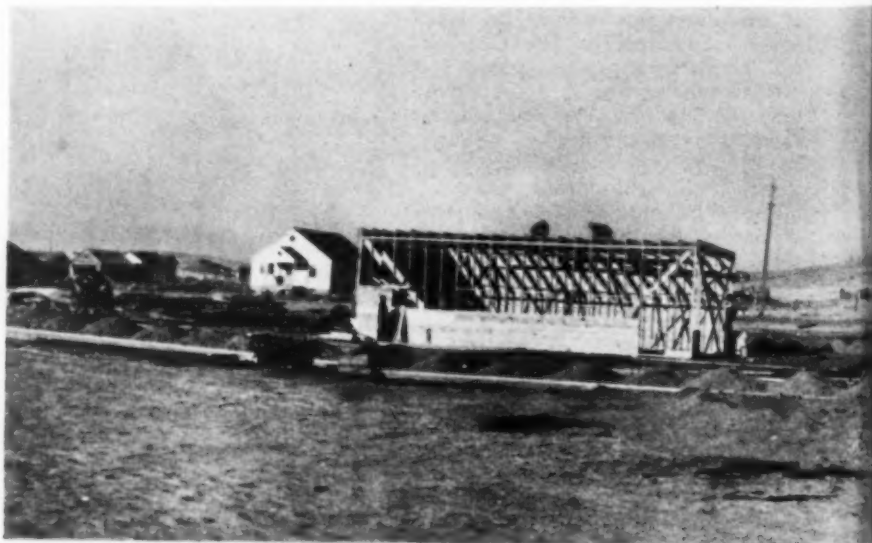
That the community of but 3500 people can boast an Organized Marine Corps Reserve rifle company is, in itself, a minor miracle, for many cities ten to 20 times the size of Shelby have failed to muster an outfit approaching the size of Company E.

But to say that Shelby, alone, is responsible for the existence of the company would be denying credit due to three other deserving Montana communities.

Shelby, in the windswept oil and cattle country of northwestern Montana, where families 40 miles apart are considered neighbors, rubs elbows with Cutbank, 35 miles northwest, Chester, 50 miles east, and Conrad, 40 miles south. These four towns have combined their efforts and their manpower to create a reserve company of Marines, a company fathered by the



This two room building serves as office and storeroom for the entire company, but the size doesn't stop them—Recruits still pour in to swell the company's rolls



A \$50,000 armory and community center is now under construction in Shelby, Montana, and will provide a permanent meeting place for these Citizen Marines



11th Infantry Battalion of Seattle, more than 500 miles away.

Shelby was selected as a meeting place for the company's weekly drill periods because of its central location. The members of the company's 3rd Platoon and its machine gun platoon are made up of Shelby young men. Conrad contributed the men of the 1st Platoon and Cutbank the men of the 2nd. From Chester came the company's mortar-men.

Drill nights find all roads leading to Shelby as the men of the company leave their homes and head for the distant meeting place. Citizen Marines of larger cities who have only to board a street car or a bus and ride for 15 or 20 minutes to reach the Reserve Armory should look to the efforts of Company E for inspiration when they consider their trip too long or too arduous to be worthwhile. Some of Easy Company's Citizen Marines drive or hitch-hike 100 miles in the round-trip between their homes and the drill hall. And yet, despite the handicap of distance, few of the Marines miss a meeting unless it is absolutely necessary. In winter weather which sometimes reached 45 below zero the company maintained an excellent attendance record and continued to recruit men.

The spirit of these Montana men is catching on with the other citizens of Shelby. Already the town has begun construction of a \$50,000 armory and community center which will provide a permanent meeting place for the company. Presently the company office and store-room is a jam-jacked two-room building, and to drill indoors the company is forced to borrow Shelby's Moose Hall. They have typical Marine Corps *esprit de corps* though, and their morale continues to remain on its high plane. They are immensely proud of their outfit and are willing to fight at the slightest insinuation that their's is not the best organization in the Corps. Considering the record they have set for the company, they may be right.

END



In a borrowed hall, these Marines discuss the charms of the BAR. They travelled 130 miles from their homes to Shelby to attend this meeting



Company weapons and tactics are heavily stressed during the weekly drill periods. Here a group of Marines receive a lecture on the mortar from a combat veteran



"Not one single animal aboard!" swore the Old Man.
Then a most God-awful howl came from the wrecker!

D.W. Kiser

The Natural Touch

**It was a Beastly predicament for the
Big Time Operator—Mitch had to baby-sit
with Suzy, the colonel's beloved dog**

by Robert B. Asprey

"WELL, well, well," Beastly said, "if it isn't old Mitch the Operator. No need to tell you that you look repulsive as usual."

"No need," I agreed.

The guys always called me that—Mitch the Operator, Mitch the Promoter. It's always been like that, since 1940, when I showed up in boot camp out in San Diego. Even on the 'Canal, when promoting was a pretty tough racket, the old touch seemed to hold . . . the boys never forgot that case of bourbon I dug up out of nowhere for them or, as far as that goes, those trucks full of ammo that night we really needed it.

After the hospital and the furlough time, they sent me to Pendleton. That was in 1944, when the Fifth was just forming. Personnel sent me over to Motor Transport for duty. And I didn't mind. After walking around most of the Pacific, those things with wheels looked awfully good. The old touch was still there, I thought. So far, anyway.

So far, I said, but who do I run into over in the battalion? "Beastly" Brake, that's who. Otherwise known as Gunny Brake in 'Canal days, but not anymore. Somehow he had gotten the third rocker and was sitting next to the colonel's office as Sergeant-Major Brake, no less. And listen Mac, he'd been plenty tough as a Gunny.

When I walked in to report, he posi-

tively beamed, and really snowed me under when he got up, shook hands, and said I looked repulsive.

"Holy—! Where did you get that third stripe? And the Silver Star?" Beastly put his head in his hands and groaned. "The old Corp's really shot to hell."

Then he raised his head and looked thoughtful which was certainly unusual for him. "I've been hoping we'd meet one of these days, Mitchell. Last time I saw you we had a little recreation. It cost me just 600 rocks, remember?"

He was referring to a small game in which my dice were used, and for some reason had gotten the idea in his thick head that the little fellows had picked up an education, which dice aren't supposed to have. Naturally, there was no truth in what he said. He was just a poor sport.

"And then there was that blind date in Auckland you fixed me up with. She was a nice girl, Mitch—but you didn't tell me the old man was in town, too. Quite a night that was. Yes sir."

"Now, Beastly, I explained that once. You know I didn't know about. . . ."

He cleared his throat and rubbed his stripes with his right hand. "Uh—sergeant-major now, son. Which brings us to a job for you. What would you say to a nice transport platoon where you could cruise around all day in a jeep and sort of relax under the old California sun.

"Sounds good to me, Sergeant-Major," I said. I definitely did not like the gleam in his middle eye.

"That's what I thought you'd say. It so happens Mitch, you old promoter, that our colonel, a nice, kind old fellow by the name of Mullaney, needs a new orderly. The last one had, shall we say, a slight accident. Congratulations, Sergeant."

"Oh, no, Beastly—uh, Sergeant-Major—you can't do that to an old shipmate, an old pal. You're kidding."

Now don't get me wrong. There are a lot of nice colonels around, but Lieutenant Colonel T. F. P. Mullaney was no regular brass. He was as well known to the Corps as Smedley Butler. He's hitting close to 30 years duty. An old mustang; knocked around down in Nicaragua with Edson, over in Shanghai with Vandegrift. Came right up through the ranks. Rough as hell, and twice as nasty.

BEASTLY rubbed his stripes again. "Oh, but I can. Report here tomorrow at 0800. I'm not kidding."

The next morning, Beastly took me in to the colonel. I made like a telephone pole for 15 minutes while he looked me over and asked about 2000 questions. He seemed satisfied, damn it, and threw me an "at ease!" Just then a vicious looking monster, which the colonel identified as Suzy, came out from behind the desk to catch a look.



The "Old Man" was practically sitting on the edge of his stool as I explained the deal I had pulled

She was a police dog, weighing in, I guessed, at around 150 which isn't exactly in the lap dog size. She gave me a once over like a "Frisco S.P.", then yawned and showed a couple of fangs that must have come from an elephant. After that she went back to her sack in the corner and laid down. I had the idea that if she had snarled at me, it would have been the firing squad for Mitch the Operator first thing the next morning. The colonel dismissed Beastly, then spent about an hour giving me the scoop on the new job, including a slight detail of feeding Suzy a tablespoon of cod liver oil once a day. Just a growing girl, he explained.

Actually, it didn't turn out to be a bad set-up. The old man would come in around nine, and I'd have coffee ready for him. Then after office hours and feeding Suzy was over, we'd take a cruise around the area in the station wagon. Once you got used to him, he didn't even seem to be a bad sort. Oh, a lot of growling around and a quick temper you had to watch, but not a bad guy down underneath. Well, for instance when I'd take him down to Diego for some brass party. He'd almost always slip me a fin and tell me to shove off and pick him up at one or so. In fact, I'd just about decided that the old touch had held out, even though Beastly had thought he was slipping me a fast curve.

"I said 'just about.' It all began one day when the Fifth took a little trip to Diego and climbed aboard those rigs that move on top of the water. The destination was Hilo, Hawaii, for a starter, and I suppose that meant about two more years out of the States which I was just getting used to again.

NATURALLY, Suzy came along with us, but by this time I liked her pretty well. She wasn't a bad dog, only spoiled as hell. Occasionally I'd slip her some raw steak from the galley. Dumb animals appreciate things like that, you know, and the old man had mentioned a couple of times how well the two of us seemed to hit it off, which was very important to me.

I might as well tell you right now that the colonel thought more of that dog than anything in this world. There used to be some scuttlebutt around that a few years back he'd had a wife who just hadn't gotten along with Suzy. The story goes that one day Suzy chewed up a few pairs of her silk stockings, and that brought the whole business to a head. "Timothy," she said, "either that brute goes or I go." They say the old man even helped her pack.

So, even though the Corps frowned on such things, Suzy still went with us. Our office was next to the old man's quarters, and I rigged up a sack in there just in case anything came up.

The colonel never had been a good sailor, he said, and this trip was nothing new. He sacked out most of the time, so it was up to me to take Suzy out for her exercise.

On the morning of the fourth day out, she and I had taken about three fast turns around deck and were up on the bow watching things in general—the rest of the convoy, the flying fish and stuff like that. Suddenly there was a terrible roar and I looked around to see the colonel waving his arms in our general direction. I gave the harness a yank and we checked back on the double.

"Come in here, Sergeant," he ordered, indicating his cabin. I knew it was something serious or he never would have called me by rank. He handed me a radiogram and said, "The Skipper just sent it down a few minutes ago. He doesn't like Suzy, anyway." The captain and the old man had had a few words after Suzy had taken a playful nip at the guy's ankle.

The communication had come from the Hilo port authorities and looked like a routine reminder of certain regulations. I read down through the third one, which was circled with red pencil, then stopped and read it again. "Any animals aboard the ship will be quarantined in the pound located at Honolulu, Oahu, Territory of Hawaii, for a period of four (4) months before



Beastly was frosted, naturally, but I gave him a chance to get even—with the old natural touch

being permitted freedom on any island of the Hawaiian group."

I wanted to make the old man feel better. "Hmmm. Well, this isn't too bad, Sir."

"Damn it, of course it's bad," he snapped. "By God, I don't want Suzy to stay in quarantine with a bunch of animals." He was really worried and it suddenly came to me that here was a chance to make enough points for the rest of my life.

"Suppose, Colonel, that I can get her ashore without bothering about a little thing like a quarantine."

"What do you mean to do?" he asked, looking up quickly.

Since I wasn't quite sure, I played it shrewd. "Ho, there are ways and means," I said, looking like a Hollywood lawyer. "Just leave it to me."

The colonel was quiet for a few minutes. "Sergeant, I will leave it to you," he suddenly answered. "In fact, it will be your responsibility to get her ashore, and I don't care how you do it as long as it's done. That clear?"

Nice fellow, just a little rough, but a good guy underneath it all. "Yes Sir," I said, at the same time praying the old touch would hold out.

I thought about it all that afternoon, but no answer turned up. At chow that night, I finally told the deal to some of my buddies. They appreciated my fix, but no one came up with anything hot.

It didn't help to have Beastly Brake find out about it; from then on whenever he saw me, he would make clucking, sympathetic noises, or just simply draw a finger across his throat in a knowing manner. But I really wasn't too worried.

HOWEVER, by the next afternoon there was still no answer and I was a little nervous as I walked back toward the stern of the ship. Most of the deck space was covered by our vehicles which had been prepared for the sea air with a heavy coating of grease over their exposed parts. Several Marines, lying around and on top of the rigs, called to me and asked if I had thought of anything yet. My answer was a dull negative, but I stopped to talk it over with one of the guys who was sacked out on the hood of a large wrecker. Forgetting about the grease, I jumped up on the fender and leaned against a headlight. Just as quickly as I did that, I could feel the grease soaking through my shirt.

"That does it," I said, pulling my arm away and noting the large gob of grease still on it. Thinking there might be some waste around, I walked over the crated windshield and jumped to the bed of the truck. There was no lock on one of the large tool boxes, and I opened it. It was empty and I slammed the heavy lid down in disgust.

Then I stopped and thought a minute. *That was it!* It was empty, and it was large enough to hold two or three police dogs.

"I've got it," I yelled, jumping off the truck to the deck. "Wait till the old man hears about this. Its a natural."

Two days later, as we pulled into Hilo Harbor, it was raining a steady tropical kind of rain. But the weather was the least of my worries. "Operation Suzy" was ready to go. A couple of the boys had drilled air holes in the locker and padded it with heavy mats so that there wouldn't be any chance of bruising her. Just before reaching the docks, the old man had personally put her in the box, staying with her until unloading operations began to get underway. Then he lowered the lid on her and securely latched it.

Telling me to come along, he led the way ashore. We picked up Beastly on the way, who muttered aside to me, "This had better work, Junior, or you'll be pulling duty for the next 50 years in Siberia."

Once ashore, the old man was surrounded by all sorts of people including the Island Health Inspector, a little joker by the name of Lambert. The rain had stopped and the conference got underway in the center of the dock. Halfway through it, I noticed a lot of activity around the big wrecker, and

THE NATURAL TOUCH (cont.)

sure enough, a few minutes later it was lifted into the air and swung out over the side of the ship. The old man had just finished reassuring Lambert that there was absolutely not one single animal in his detachment, when the most God-awful howl came from the direction of the wrecker.

Being sharp, I said, "Boy, somebody ought to give those winches a grease job." My words were immediately followed by another howl which could not be mistaken for anything but that of an animal.

Lambert, followed by all of us, walked over to the immediate vicinity of the unloading and stood waiting for the wrecker to be lowered. Scarcely before the cables had slackened, he had seen the large rig box, and was up on the bed of the truck. He lifted the lid up only to have Suzy jump out, give a little yelp of joy, and jump down to the colonel. She put her paws up on his shoulders and started licking his face. In the meantime, Lambert climbed stiffly down from the truck and slowly walked over to us. "Is this your dog, Colonel?"

The old man gave me a rough look before he answered. "Yes it is."

I made a last desperate attempt to save us. "Isn't that funny, Colonel? How do you suppose she ever got in that tool box? She must have been riding there all the way from the States."

This remark was totally ignored, except for drawing even rougher looks from both the old man and Lambert. "As you probably know, Colonel," Lambert said, "no animal can be brought on these islands without first undergoing four months of quarantined observation. I could be quite nasty about this entire irregular procedure and prefer charges, but if you will put this dog back on the ship and have her taken to quarantine at Honolulu, I will forget the whole unpleasant business. Otherwise, I'm afraid that the law will have to step in and put her away."

At the last words, the old man cringed, but recovered quickly, thanked the inspector, and gave me a quick order to stay with Suzy while he went to see the Skipper and arrange further passage. He had no sooner left than Beastly took the opportunity to further cement our friendship. "Yes Sir," he muttered, "Mitch the Operator. Pardon me, while I check on that firing squad routine."

The colonel returned in a minute. I could hear him coming 50 yards away and with each step, something new was added to the American language. "Damned captain," he sputtered as he

came up to me. "Convoy's not going to Honolulu, and even if it was, said he wouldn't take Suzy along on his ship." He bent over and patted the dog, at the same time reading off the whole Navy chain of command. He was fast working up to the Secretary when he remembered I was there. "All right, Sergeant. What do we do now? You got us into this mess with your damned ideas."

I thought this was a slightly unfair attitude, but decided against griping about it. Instead, I gave him an answer. "There must be other ships going to Honolulu, Sir. And there are certainly airplanes."

"HMMM. Yes, I hadn't thought of that." He walked over to Lambert. "Oh, Mr. Lambert. There seems to be a little difficulty here. The ship's not going to Honolulu. I assume it will be all right if we take her over to the Air Station and arrange air travel."

"May I remind you, Colonel Mul-lancy," Lambert said in a cold, unpleasant tone, "that I have been extraordinarily lenient in this case so far. This is absolutely the last exception that I am willing to make. I shall have your dog taken to our temporary pound which is near the Air Station. You have until tomorrow noon to arrange further transportation for her. If she is not off the island by then, we shall have to proceed under the existing law. And that's final."

There was nothing the old man could do but agree. After we had seen Suzy stored in a large cage in the

pound, we headed for the Air Station. As I said, the weather had seemed unimportant to us but it was now suddenly brought to our attention by the Naval Operations Officer. Absolutely no planes were coming in or going out that day. They expected the zero ceiling to hold for at least two more days, but we could come back in the morning if we wanted.

The trip to "Port Operations" seemed to take hours instead of a few minutes. I felt like a Mother going to see the governor about a last minute reprieve for Junior who was about to get the juice shot to him. If ever the old touch was needed, it was now.

We soon learned the news. We were told that ours was the only convoy in the harbor, that it had been the first in a week, and that it would be one week before another was due in. We drove slowly back to the pound where the colonel stopped the jeep and motioned me out.

"You stay here with Suzy while I go over to the Club and think. I'll send the jeep back so you can get her fresh meat for supper."

As he drove off, I figured that would be a good example of 100 proof thinking. I went over to Suzy's cage and sat down outside it. She came over to me and nuzzled my hand which I laid flat against the wire. No doubt about it, she was a nice dog even if she had caused all the trouble. Too darn nice to die by gas or however they died. And all because of a stupid interpretation of regulations by a dope named Lambert. (continued on page 54)



Kickless Cannon



by Major P. J. Olsen

An artillery piece sheds its prime

THE research and development entailed by the quest for new weapons and implements of war consumes many millions of the taxpayers dollars and uncountable hours of work, but they provide the armed forces of the United States with modern equipment with which to defend freedom.

The evolution of the "rocket principle" and recoilless weapons are two of the many new developments in the field of ordnance.

The first of the recoilless weapons to be introduced to the Armed forces was the 57-mm. Rifle, M18—a light weight rifle (44 lbs.) considering its caliber. Heretofore, any gun that large in caliber was a towed piece of artillery, requiring a prime mover and generally not considered an infantry weapon. Now the infantry had a large caliber piece which could be carried by one man and, due to the recoilless principle, it could be fired from the shoulder. This weapon was open at both ends with orifices called "Venturi Openings" at the breech and through which the propellant gasses could escape. The gases escaping to the rear were equal in pressure to those propelling the shell

mover to take its place in the infantry platoon

and counteracted the momentum of the projectile, thus overcoming the recoil action common in the ordinary closed breech-block type weapon.

The 57-mm. Rifle is the elder brother of the 75-mm. Rifle, M20, which will soon find its way into the Marine Corps' Table of Allowances.

The introduction of a new weapon into the Marine Corps always brings an avalanche of questions. Is this new "gadget" going to be any good? Is it any better than what we're already using? The 75-mm. Recoilless Rifle will be no exception and, in fact, probably will invoke more questions and skepticism than its forerunner, the 57-mm. A few pertinent facts concerning this new rifle might help to dispel some of this skepticism.

The 75-mm. Recoilless Rifle, M20 as tested by the Marine Corps Equipment Board, Quantico, in 1946 under Project #501, is a light weight cannon designed to be fired from a light weight mount and is fired single-shot with fixed ammunition. The standard tripod

mount used was taken from a caliber .30, Machine Gun M1917A1. It is the one prescribed for use with this rifle since the only requirement necessary in the mount is sufficient strength to support the weight of the rifle and to permit proper elevation and traverse of the piece. When mounting the rifle on this mount it is necessary to reverse the cradle so that the traversing and elevating hand-wheels are toward the muzzle and not the breech end of the rifle.

The rifle consists of two main parts—the reaction chamber and the barrel. The reaction chamber is larger than the cartridge case to permit the propellant gases to escape to the rear, thus eliminating recoil. Attached to the reaction chamber's lower side is the breech-block with its breech bar and handles which are used in carrying the breech end of the rifle. The barrel which is screwed into the chamber is approximately 65 inches long and is rifled throughout its length with a uniform right hand twist. Clamped to the barrel are two carrying

KICKLESS CANNON (cont.)

handles used to manhandle the weapon.

The portability of the 75-mm. Recoilless Rifle is one of its greatest advantages. It can be carried by two men and under extreme conditions, one man could move it. Under normal circumstances four men would carry it; one on either side of the breech and one at each barrel handle.

When the situation arises where it is necessary to travel single file, three men, using the cleaning staff, can transport the piece very satisfactorily. An eight-man crew, four carrying the rifle, one the tripod, one the sights and two with two rounds of ammunition apiece is considered sufficient to man this rifle.

A jeep and trailer (with driver) may well be attached to the gun crew to afford sufficient ammunition supply and after the initial landing, provide transportation for the weapon itself. In comparison to the 75-mm. Pack Howitzer, the 75-mm. Recoilless Rifle weighs only one-eighth as much. To get the 75 Pack on the beach it is necessary to have a prime mover or burden down eight marines with its various parts. If the 75 Pack Howitzer does get to the beach in pack loads, it has to be assembled, while the 75-mm. Recoilless Rifle can go right to work by merely placing it on the tripod, thus providing the landing forces with immediate artillery support without a great deal of added weight.

Here are some of the pertinent facts concerning the 75-mm. Recoilless Rifle as compared with the 75-mm. Pack Howitzer:

75 RECOILLESS

Weight	167 lbs.
Range	7200 Yds. (Max)
Muzzle Velocity	990' to 1000' per second
Elevation	25° (444 mils)
Traverse	6400 mils. (360°)

75-MM PACK HOWITZER (M1A1 & M8 CARRIAGE)

Weight	1339 lbs.
Range	9620 Yds. (Max)
Muzzle Velocity	700' to 1250' per second
Elevation	45° (801 mils)
Traverse	3° right and left

It may be worthy to note that the 75-mm. Recoilless Rifle is equipped with sights for indirect fire as well as sights for direct fire.



The ammunition for the 75-mm. Recoilless Rifle, M20 is different from the ordinary artillery round in that the brass case is perforated and the rotating band is pre-engraved. A lining of Kraft paper is employed to hold the propellant charge within the case. It is of the "fixed" type; that is, the propellant charge is not adjustable as in the 75-mm. Pack Howitzer, and is loaded in one operation. The perforated cartridge allows the propellant gases to escape into the reaction chamber. The pre-engraving of the rotating band reduces the chamber pressure required to propel the projectile. One complete round weighs approximately 22 lbs., is hermetically sealed in a metal container and comes packed two rounds

to a wooden box weighing 78 to 80 lbs. There are five types of projectiles: High Explosive (HE), High Explosive (Anti-Tank) (HE AT), White Phosphorous (WP), Inert (IN) and Target Practice (TP).

There are a few safety precautions which must be observed in addition to the usual safety precautions in the operation of this rifle. The most important of these are *Don't stand directly behind the gun*. The danger zone due to back blast is shown in the accompanying diagram. Personnel standing to the rear but out of the danger zone should refrain from facing the weapon: rocks and other objects will be thrown by the back blast. It is unsafe to fire the 75-mm. Recoilless from dugouts,



A four-man team can bring the new 75 to bear on an enemy quicker than the older breech-block type of artillery



Quantico-based Marines show formation of new 75-mm. squad and position of equipment. The men demonstrate the packboard carry used prior to combat

rooms or other confined places— structural damage, injury to the gun crew caused by a concentration of toxic gases, concussion due to blast, and possible fire due to back blast may result. The gunner and assistant gunner must lie or kneel beside the weapon, with no part of their bodies extending to the rear of the breech. It is a good practice to have the gunner and his assistant kneel facing each other at an angle of 90° to the tube.

As a result of the tests performed by the Equipment Board it was decided by the Ordnance Section of the Division of Plans and Policies of Headquarters Marine Corps that the 75-mm. Rifle, M20, was suitable as a highly mobile assault weapon to be employed against definitely located targets and against lightly armored and concrete targets. It is anticipated that these rifles will be employed in pairs in order to afford protection covering fire in addition to the usual small arms protection available from infantry weapons. This rifle, however, is not suitable for sustained fire from any one position because its position is readily disclosed by its back blast.

The Quartermaster General's Office provided funds in the 1948 budget for the procurement of many 75-mm. Rifles, M20, and delivery to the Marine Corps will be made prior to June, 1949, provided the necessary sights are available.

END



The gun crew can go into action from a packboard carry in 63 seconds. To withdraw and move 15 yards—21 seconds.

The portability of the 75-mm. Recoilless Rifle is one of its greatest advantages. If necessary, two men can carry it

KNOW YOUR LEADERS

BY SGT. FRANK X. GOSS

Leatherneck Staff Writer

MAJOR General William P. T. Hill, Quartermaster General of the Marine Corps, started his Marine Corps career as an aviator, and saw his first foreign service while stationed in the Azores during World War I. His organization, the 1st Marine Aero Company, was the first completely equipped American aviation unit to leave the United States for service in that war. The company, flying out of Naval Base 13, Ponta Delgadas, flew anti-submarine patrol, first in seaplanes, and later, in flying boats. Gen. Hill returned from patrol duty to become an aviation instructor at the Marine flying field in Miami, Fla.

America's entry into World War II found the general acting as liaison officer in connection with the construction of Camp Lejeune, where he had also served as Camp Commanding Officer and Post Quartermaster. He continued to act as liaison officer until May, 1943, when he became Executive Officer and Officer-in-Charge of the Supply Division of the Quartermaster Department. In February, 1944, he was appointed Quartermaster General, and has served in that capacity until the present time.

Between wars Gen. Hill was assigned varied foreign duty. In May, 1920, he went to Alaska as a member geologist of the Naval Alaskan Coal Commission which investigated the possibilities of using Alaskan coal fields as a source of fuel for the Pacific Fleet. The Secretary of the Interior commended the general for his outstanding service in connection with this investigation.

Following his return from Alaska,



Major General William P. T. Hill

Gen. Hill was stationed at Quantico where he attended the Company Officers' Course and served with the Tenth Regiment and 5th Engineer Company.

In 1926 he left Quantico for foreign service in China where he served as a Company Commander with the Marine Detachment of the American Legation at Peking. During this overseas tour he served as a member of the Roy Chapman Andrews Asiatic Expedition which was engaged in exploration work in the Gobi Desert of Mongolia.

Upon return to the States Gen. Hill was appointed Post Quartermaster at Marine Barracks, Quantico. He remained in this position until assigned to Headquarters, Marine Corps, in July, 1929, when he joined the department he was destined to command.

Foreign service beckoned again in June, 1933, when Gen. Hill packed his ditty bag and took off for Port au Prince, Haiti, where he became Quartermaster and Paymaster Director of the Garde d' Haiti.

From August, 1934, until June, 1938, the general served successively at Quantico as Post Maintenance and Safety Engineer Officer, as a student at the Senior Course, Marine Corps

Schools, and as an instructor in the supply course of the Schools. Assignments as Post Quartermaster, Washington, D. C. and Executive Officer, Philadelphia Depot of Supplies, occupied the general's attention until April, 1941, when he became liaison officer in connection with the construction of Camp Lejeune.

Gen. Hill was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal for exceptionally meritorious service as Quartermaster General of the Marine Corps and as Executive Officer and Officer-in-Charge of the Supply Division, Quartermaster Department, and as Liaison Officer for the construction of Camp Lejeune during World War II.

In addition to the Distinguished Service Medal, his decorations and medals include the Victory Medal, 1918, with Aviation clasp; Expeditionary Medal; American Defense Service Medal; American Campaign Medal; World War II Victory Medal; Haitian Distinguished Service Medal and Diploma; and Commander in the Order of the Orange of Nassau with Swords.

The general was born in Oklahoma Territory in 1895 and is a graduate of the University of Oklahoma. **END**

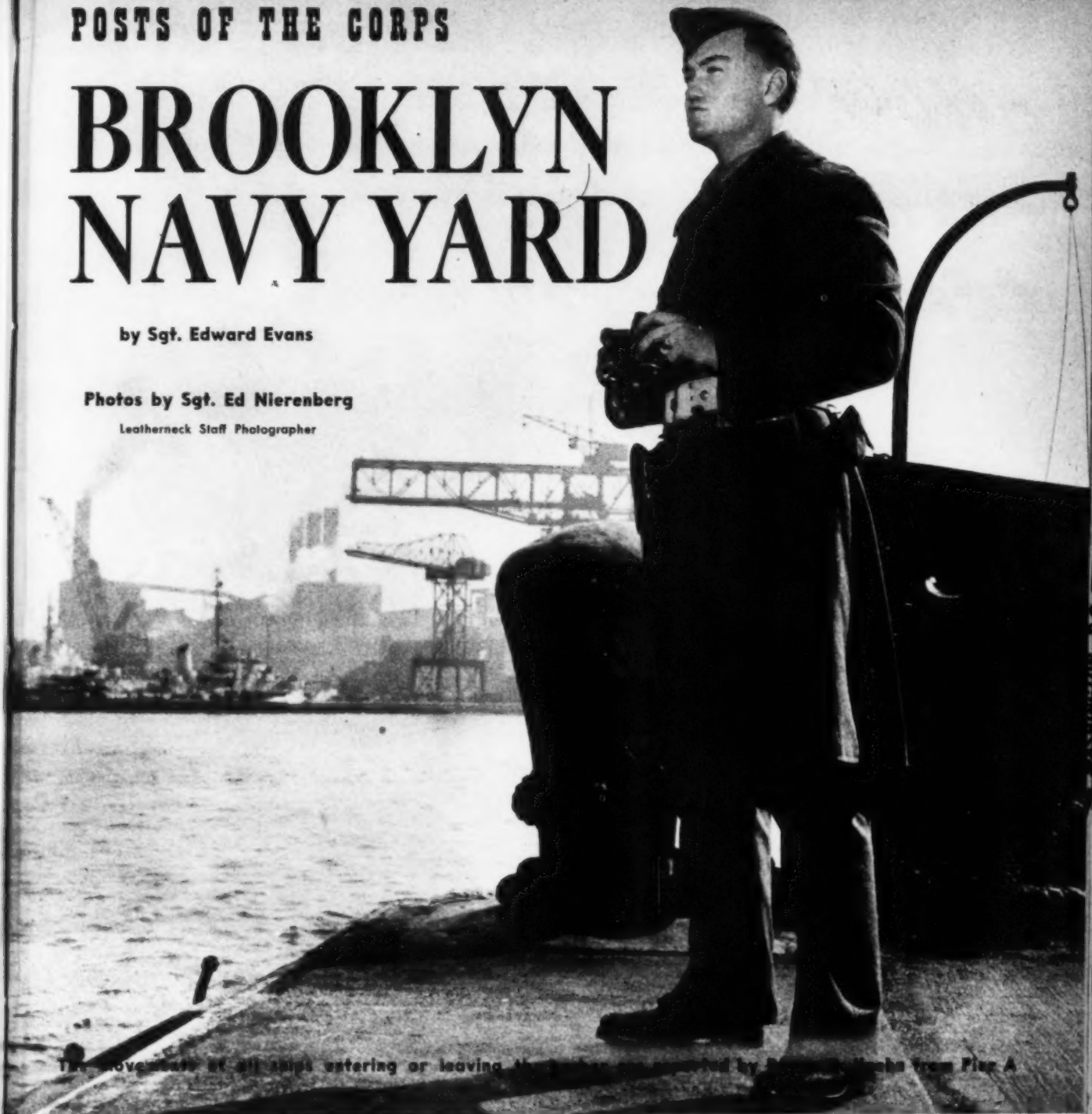
POSTS OF THE CORPS

BROOKLYN NAVY YARD

by Sgt. Edward Evans

Photos by Sgt. Ed Nierenberg

Leatherneck Staff Photographer



The movements of all ships entering or leaving the harbor are controlled by the Brooklyn Navy Yard from Pier A

FASCINATION for big city night life and tourist wonders has always given Manhattan a magnetic drag for Sailors and Marines bent on super-Metropolitan flings. The proximity of the Marine Barracks, Brooklyn Naval Base, to New York's liberty playground has made the base a coveted duty spot. The Marines on this post at

Brooklyn have long enjoyed the distinction of being the only large unit of the Corps stationed in the Metropolis; they are New York's own Marines.

The Brooklyn Naval Base has been a post of the Corps since 1799. The brick buildings which comprise the barracks, brig and shops are well over 100 years old. Although events in the

surrounding neighborhood are considerably tamer now than they were in the old days, Marines stationed here have seldom complained about dull duty. One of the earliest calls upon the Marines of the Brooklyn barracks was for assistance in fighting the great 1835 fire in New York and guarding damaged property afterward.

TURN PAGE 27

CAMERAS NOT PERMITTED

Marines have had an important part in molding the 150-year history of the famous Brooklyn Navy Yard



The draft riots of the Civil War brought another call for the Marines and Sailors from the Navy Yard in 1863, for duty in New York City. Again, in 1869, the Marines were summoned by civil authorities to quell a rebellion roused by the extremely high taxes placed on whiskey. Illicit stills began to drip in the area of Brooklyn, adjacent to the Navy Yard, known as "Irish-town." Open rebellion broke out when revenue agents tried to destroy the illegal contraptions. Four companies of Marines under Lieutenant Colonel John L. Broome responded hastily with fortitude for the revenue agents in the performance of their duty.

On March 28, 1870, 129 armed Marines fought a mob on Plymouth street in another outbreak of the "Whiskey Rebellion" and again stills were destroyed. The same area was covered by a large number of Marines in November of that year. The alcohol controversy continued to flare up at intervals during the year 1871, but actually blew up on July 14th, when an advance party of revenue agents and Marine officers were ambushed and sniped at in Dixon's Alley. In the first exchange of shots Captain Clinton Gilbert was mortally wounded.

The entire Marine command which had been standing by inside the York Street gate, opened up with typical Marine fury when Col. Broome fired on the rebels with his revolver. Rampant riot reigned. Stills were destroyed, arrests were made; but the illegal distillation of the potent stuff went on until the end of the year.

One of the last emergency calls made upon the Brooklyn Marine barracks before the Spanish-American War was for service as a part of a battalion drawn from all yards and stations to guard a cholera quarantine camp of immigrants on Sandy Hook in 1892. While the Marines were away on this special duty, a gang of waterfront toughs caught the civilian guards un-



The Marine Barracks drum and bugle corps consists of four men regularly assigned this duty, plus 13 others who participate on a spare-time basis

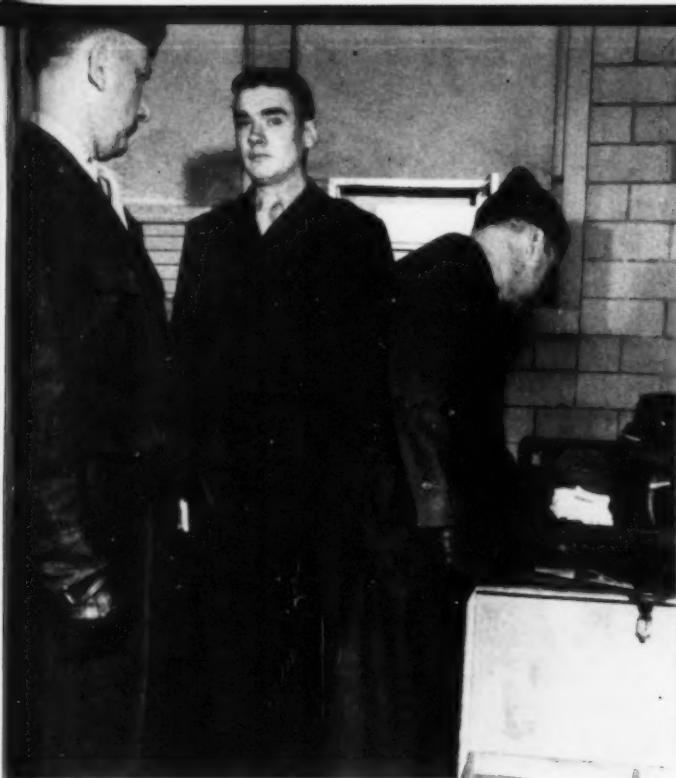
prepared and set fire to the Navy Yard, destroying several buildings and ships in the docks.

The waterfront is still a tough hang-out but Brooklyn's report card shows an unexciting improvement in deportment and today the 500-man complement of Marines in the command are occupied with the standard guard routine similar to that of any navy yard or base. But according to Colonel James D. Waller, CO, "Anything can and does happen here."

(EDITOR'S NOTE—Col. Waller retired shortly after this story was written.)

There is always the possibility of call for riot or disaster duty, but at the present time Marines are attached to the command as war dead escorts, shore patrols, orderlies and drivers for the Third Naval District, and as guards for a special research project at Sandy Point. Their most frequent special duty comes in the form of honor guard and ceremonial chores for visiting naval and military dignitaries and funeral firing squads.

Col. Waller bears one of the Marine Corps' proud names. He is the nephew of General Littleton W. T. Waller, Sr., of Boxer Rebellion and Samar fame,



The 2nd Guard Company at Bayonne, N. J., is inspected by Lt. Col. R. A. Fairweather, exec of the Marine Barracks



Corporal C. J. Skinner, on duty at the Cumberland Street Gate, checks the passes of all who enter the Navy Yard

and the cousin of General Littleton W. T. Waller, Jr., who won the *croix de guerre* as a major commanding the 6th Machine Gun Battalion in France. The colonel has served as district Marine officer, as well as commanding officer of the barracks since December, 1945. This has been his first Stateside assignment since 34 months of overseas service as CO of the Thirteenth Marine artillery Regiment. Col. Waller likes a first hand view of how his command is functioning and keeps a quiet, constant check on the performance of the various activities. The company commanders admit that he learns about things in their companies before they do.

The command itself is somewhat scattered, with Headquarters Company, commanded by Captain James A. Apfel, and 1st Guard Company, commanded by Captain W. O. Cain, occupying the main barracks in the Navy Yard. The 2nd Guard Company is reached by a 15 mile drive to Bayonne, New Jersey, and is commanded by Major Nat M. Pace. This is a Naval Supply School and Depot—the base for the New York group of the 16th Reserve Fleet. There the mighty battleships *Washington*, *New Jersey*, and *North Carolina*; and the carriers *Franklin* and *Enterprise* are stowed away in mothballs. The 3rd Guard Company, with Captain Nathan R. Smith in command, runs the brig at the Naval Receiving



The Marine Barracks responds to many requests for special details, such as funerals, and other military functions. Lots of practice keeps them sharp

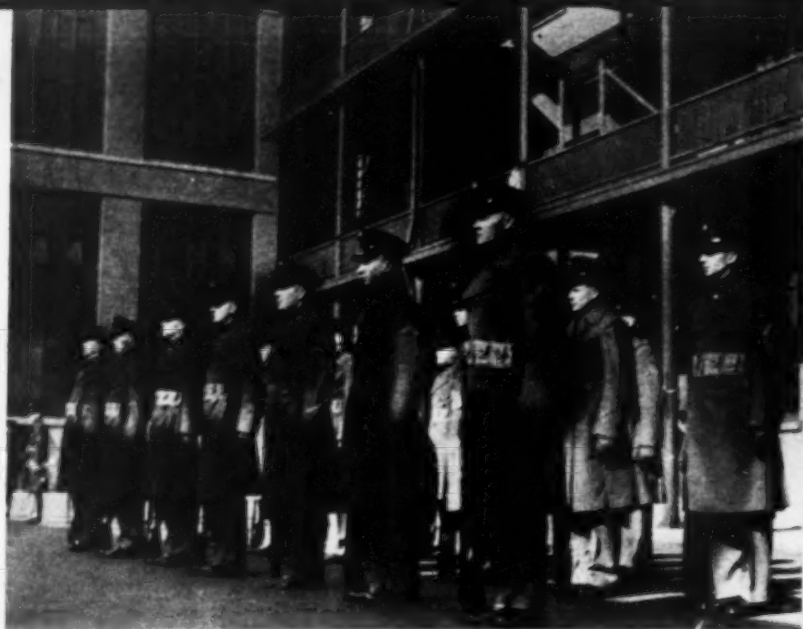
BROOKLYN NAVY YARD (cont.)

Station in another part of the Brooklyn base. Post executive officer is Lieutenant Colonel Robert S. Fairweather, and Master Sergeant Willis H. Hogan serves as post sergeant major.

Guard duties on the base consist primarily of the maintenance of a close check on civilian employees during the rush hours and the provision of sentries on the riverside docks or special ship construction projects. The brig sentries find that most of their customers are Marines who have succumbed to the lure of Manhattan's glamorous liberties and, wishing to be stationed in New York City, foolishly take French leave from their outfits, journey to the area and turn themselves in, hoping to be retained there on assignment after their case has been tried.

There are two organizations within the command of which the colonel is quite proud. The first is the 17-piece drum and bugle corps of which 13 members are volunteers. They spend most of the little spare time they have from their duties practicing their marches and rudiments under the instruction of acting drum major Corporal E. Potczala and Field Music Sergeant T. J. DeAngelo. The other group is the small-bore rifle and pistol team, under Warrant Officer E. W. Whittaker. The range is located on the fourth deck of the barracks and the men spend their noon hour blasting away at the targets.

The fact that Marines and other



Guard mount is held each morning on the street in front of the 100-year old barracks. On rare occasions this formation is held in dress uniforms

The liberty promised by "Little Old New

York" prompts many men to

request duty at the Navy Yard



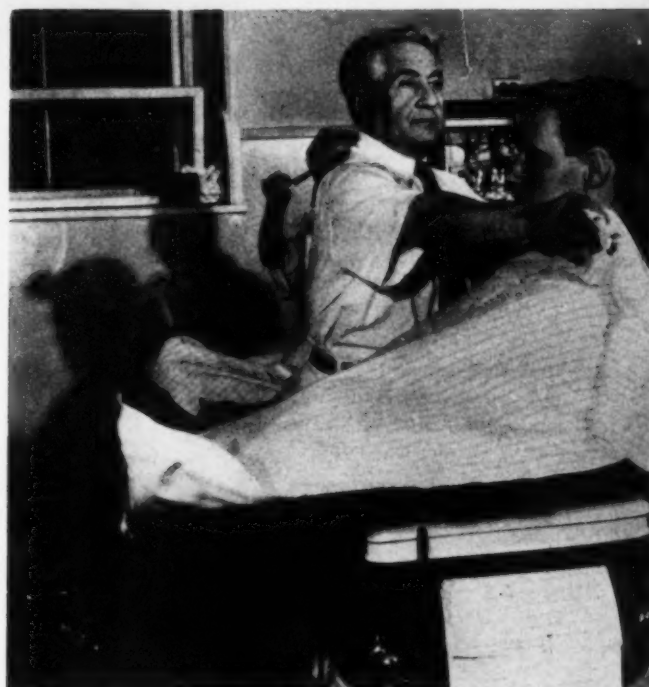
Several men engage in a game of hand shuffle-board. A small recreation hall is maintained on the third deck



The newspapers and periodicals, as well as books, in the library get their share of attention on off-duty hours



Sergeant John "Teargas" Gurgacz, who made corporal in 17 years, gets the brush from a "new Marine Corps" corporal



Joseph Apollo and Frank Caroly have been trimming Marines for 11 and 26 years respectively. They're barbers on the post



Colonel James D. Waller, CO of the Marine Barracks at the time this story was written, has since been retired after long years of honorable service

servicemen still find a hearty welcome around Broadway and 42nd Street may account for the underdevelopment of the recreational facilities of the Marine barracks. Men still around the barracks after liberty call (for reasons of finance or duty) are entertained by the nightly movie on the fourth deck; or they may pass a few hours in the small library or pool room. For most athletic activities the Marines depend upon the Sands Street Navy YMCA where a swimming pool, large gym and other equipment are available. Tickets to Broadway shows and sports events at Madison Square Garden are purchased and distributed by Special Services.

Many old landmarks around the Brooklyn yard are slowly disappearing. Sands Street, once famous for its bars, tattoo shops and dives, is now almost deserted and the slum area around the yard is being razed to make way for a new highway and housing projects. Some of the new housing already available includes the tall modern Wallabout Housing—an apartment building with 207 units occupied by Navy and Marine families.

In spite of what the hacks may write about it, or the ride it takes from the gag boys in radio, Brooklyn is good duty for Marines, and the bright lights of Gotham cast a spell which means big-time liberty—and that's important!

END

CORPS CLASSIFICATION

New Plan Designed To Give All Hands Equal Opportunities In The Competition For Promotion

by SGT. JAMES THURSTON
USMC

In the fall of this year, important changes in Marine Corps personnel management will be put into effect, changes which will influence the military career of every Marine. The new Marine Corps Manual and the MOS Manual (a manual of military jobs), which are soon to be published, will contain these changes which are designed to improve personnel procedures in the Marine Corps.

Examination of the current personnel system shows that there is much room for improvement. In part, the current system has proved inadequate because of difficulties which arose out of post-war readjustment, and in part, because present policies were geared to the different conditions under which the Marine Corps operated in the past.

New Assignment Policies

In general, the new procedures give each Marine an opportunity to progress in a chosen field of work. Recognition has been given to the fact that, under an attractive career plan, Marines should be given the opportunity to specialize early in an occupation field, and the opportunity to climb the promotion ladder to the very top without the necessity of frequent retraining and changes in occupation specialty. There have been certain "dead end" promotion channels in the form of "SPEC" numbers with terminal ranks which required retraining and reclassification to qualify personnel for further promotion. There have been unbalanced distributions of rank between function fields, resulting in unequal promotion opportunities. These defects will be eliminated, or at least minimized.

In addition, the new promotion pro-

cedures are designed to equalize opportunities for advancement throughout the Marine Corps. Each Marine will be competing with all others of similar rank in his occupational specialty within the Corps.

cedures are designed to equalize opportunities for advancement throughout the Marine Corps. Each Marine will be competing with all others of similar rank in his occupational specialty within the Corps.

Closely related to this are the new

All Hands To Be Reclassified

To put these new policies into effect, it will be necessary to reclassify all hands in accordance with the procedures outlined in the new MOS Manual. Instead of the current SPEC numbers, each Marine will be assigned an MOS number which will denote his Military Occupational Specialty. This reclassi-

Occupational Fields in which MOSs of Enlisted Personnel will be included.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 01 Personnel and Administration | 35 Motor Transport |
| 02 Intelligence | 36 Steward |
| 03 Infantry | 40 Machine Accounting |
| 04 Logistics | 41 Post Exchange |
| 07 Anti-aircraft Artillery | 43 Public Information |
| 08 Field Artillery | 46 Photography |
| 11 Utilities | 49 Training and Training Aids |
| 13 Construction and Equipment | 52 Special Services |
| 14 Surveying and Mapping | 55 Band |
| 15 Printing and Reproduction | 56 Guided Missile |
| 18 Tank and Amphibian Tractor | 57 Decontamination and Radiological Safety |
| 21 Weapons Repair | 58 Security |
| 22 Fire Control Instrument Repair | 54 Aircraft Maintenance and Repair |
| 23 Ammunition and Explosive Ordnance Disposal | 65 Aviation Ordnance |
| 25 Operational Communications | 66 Aviation Electronics |
| 26 Communication Materiel | 67 Air Control |
| 27 Electronics | 68 Aerology |
| 30 Supply Administration, Accounting and Stock Control | 69 Aviation Synthetic Training Devices |
| 31 Supply Procurement, Warehousing Shipping and Receiving | 70 Aviation Operations and Intelligence |
| 32 Supply Services | 71 Flight Equipment |
| 33 Food | 73 Pilot |
| 34 Disbursing | 99 Identification MOSs |

TION POLICY REVISED

fication will be accomplished by fall of this year.

After an MOS has been assigned, the rest of the Marine's military career will lie straight and clear before him, up through the various grades to master sergeant and warrant officer, but for the most part, confined to one particular field of specialization. Of course, there will be provisions for changing the occupation fields of Marines obviously misclassified, but the person who is misclassified is apt to be delayed in his advancement to higher rank and is certain to be unable to render the best possible service to the Marine Corps.

Survey Started Two Years Ago

It has taken nearly two years of concentrated effort to bring about the needed revision of the Marine Corps classification system, and it may take another six months to get this new system completely into effect and functioning smoothly. It was in October, 1947, that the Commandant authorized the Personnel Department to begin work on a Marine Corps-wide Job Analysis Program which was to be used as a basis for preparing the new MOS Manual.

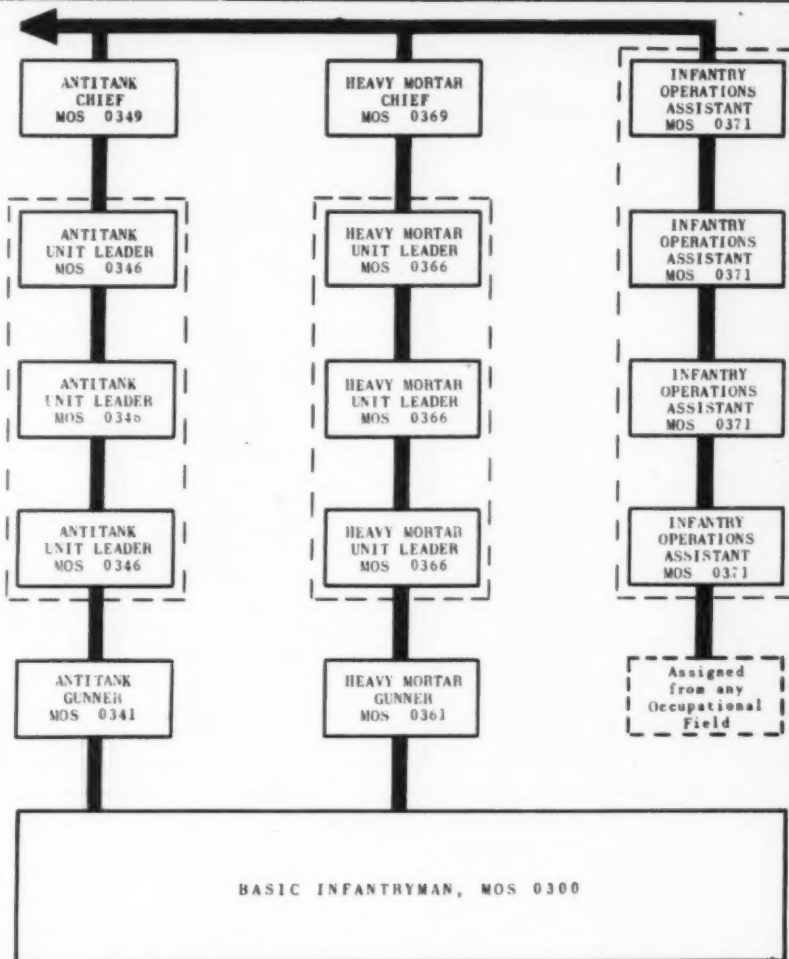
New Code System

Many defects were found in the classification system outlined in the old Manual. The Job Structure was not currently realistic, having been based upon the jobs as they theoretically existed in World War II. Many of the Functional Fields were too broad, and included specialties which were entirely unrelated to each other. Job descriptions were too general, and too brief; consequently the man who read these descriptions knew little about the duties of the job or what he would have to know to prepare for the job. Certain pay grades of some specialties were "dead ends," from the point of view of promotion. The lack of specified initial pay grades made it possible to assign to corporals, for example, SSNs which

were appropriate only for staff NCOs. In addition, there was no provision for assigning "potential" or "apprentice" SSNs to men leaving recruit depots. A man was either classified as "Basic" or fully qualified. A man beginning his career in the Marine Corps had little knowledge of the relationship between jobs, or of what the normal channels of promotion were to be for his kind of work. Finally, the numbering of the various specialties was unsystematic.

The new procedures eliminate some of these difficulties. Instead of the pres-

ent uncertain methods of grouping SSNs into Functional Fields, definite standards have been used in grouping the new MOSs into what will be called Occupational Fields. The new Occupational Fields will contain MOSs which are actually related to each other. Transfers from one MOS to another at the same pay grade with the same Occupational Field will be more practicable since there will be some similarity of duties and knowledge required. A four digit number will be used in coding MOSs, (continued on page 56)



WE - THE MARINES

Edited by Sgt. William Milhon

Jackpot

Bull sessions seldom get out of the bull stage. But one gab-fest in Tientsin, China three years ago really paid off for Marine veteran E. B. "Curly" Higgins. He drew an all expense tour of the United States.

In February, 1946, the Marines of the 2nd Battalion, First Division had scattered all over the States. Like all outfits they talked about reunions later. Marine Dave Johnston of Miami had a better idea. "Sure we should have a reunion. But we ought to send one guy in this outfit all around the country to visit the rest of the guys and their families."

Johnston started the kitty with 100 bucks. Eighty Marines joined the reunion pool and the money grew to a neat \$8000. They planned to have a get-together every year. It wasn't to be an official Marine Corps club or organization. Just a bunch of guys meeting together for old times sake.

Last year their first reunion was held in Miami. Names were put in a hat, and Curly Higgins, a 24 year-old logger from Middletown, Calif., hit the jackpot.

"Never had so much fun in my life," said Curly after he'd travelled for five months through 26 states. "The interesting thing about it was that I never knew where I was going next."

He had to pay his fare to his first destination. The ticket for his second destination was mailed to his host at the first stop. Curly never knew in advance which of his buddies he'd visit next.

He left the tall timber country last November, went up through the Rockies to Montana, crossed the Middlewest to the New England States and then swung South. "I spent as much time with each buddy as I wanted," he said. "Or at least until his little woman



RESERVED—Alexandria, Virginia's, winsome candidate for the title "Miss Marine Corps Reserve" is petite, blonde Elaine Bragg, 18, of 206 West Mt. Ida Avenue

got tired of me eating them out of house and home." His longest stay at one place was three weeks; shortest, two days. And after nearly half a year of hunting, fishing, night-clubbing, and shooting the breeze, Curly made it back to San Francisco.

"Bull sessions with my old buddies were fine," said Curly. "But they can't compare with the big one we had in Tientsin."

Betsy

Two El Toro Marines were sadder, wiser, and broke this week after a brief acquaintance with a stranger on the Los Angeles Skid Row.

Pfcs William A. Brown, Base Headquarters, and Gerald Banks, SMS-33,

sadly reported the following tale to Los Angeles police officers.

Stranger (after approaching Brown and Banks in the bar) "Like to meet a girl? Swell looker."

Marines: "Sure!"

Stranger: "Okay. Let's go!"

They went. In the 600 block of S. Maple St. they stopped.

Stranger: "Wait here. I'll bring her out."

While the stranger entered the house, the Marines waited expectantly. After a minute, the stranger came out. In his hand he held a large revolver.

Stranger: "Here she is, boys. She's called Betsy Colt and she's a beautiful 45. She'll take you for all you've got."

And she did. The Marines handed over \$14.50.

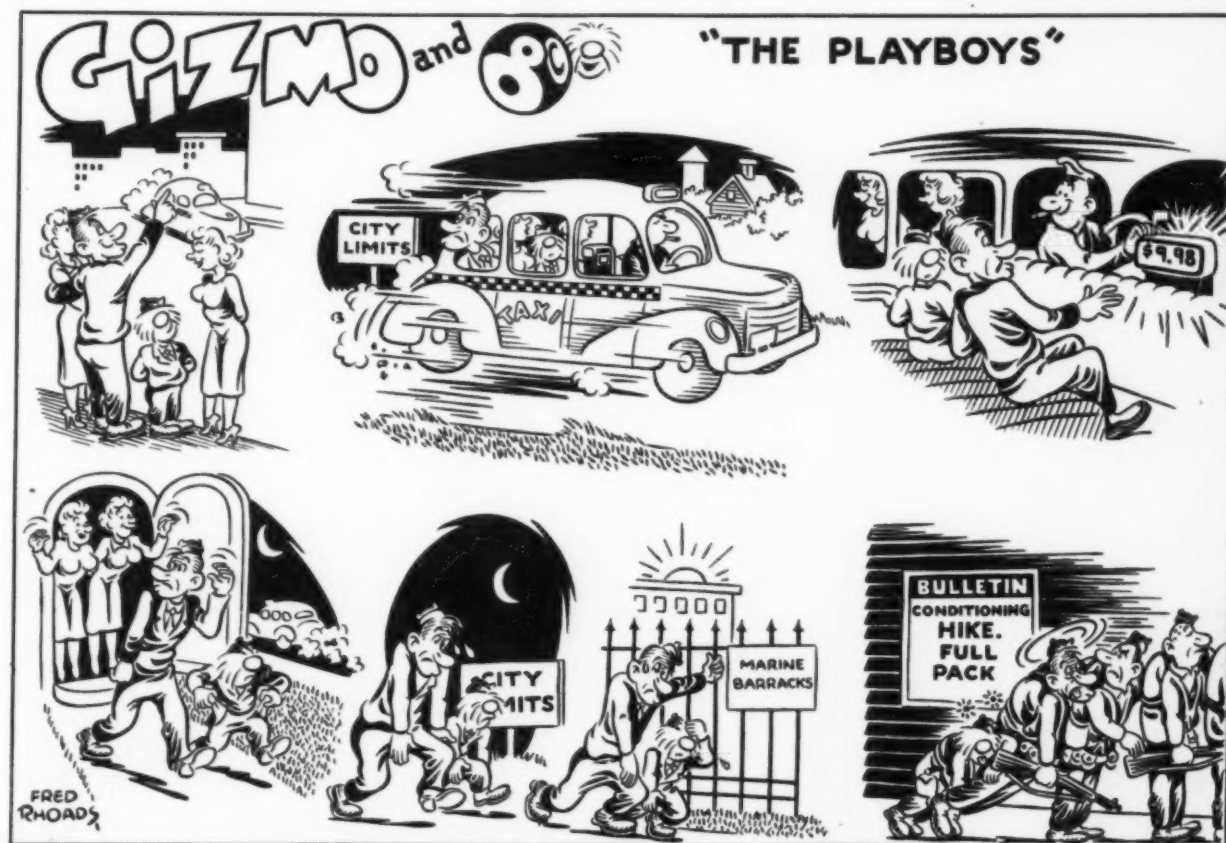
—Flight Jacket



OONT—Getting first hand information about the camel from Tripolitan natives who'd walk a mile for one, Pfc John A.

Bresica, Jr., New York City, and Kenneth E. Van Kurn, of Corning, N.Y., decide to buy a souvenir that smells better

TURN PAGE



League Exhibit

Hitler and Goering would never have believed it, but now, many months after their deaths, relics of the Nazi reign of terror—personal possessions and objects of pride of the two top men in the Nazi hierarchy—are helping Marine veterans to gain physical and financial rehabilitation.

For the past two and a half years Marines and civilians throughout the country have been treated to a visit by the Marine Corps League's traveling exhibit of Nazi war souvenirs. Proceeds from the exhibit, realized through voluntary contributions by spectators, are used to maintain the League's many welfare, service and rehabilitation activities. In addition, the National Convalescent Home for discharged Marines, to be established in or near Tucson, Ariz., will benefit from funds derived through the tour. The home is a project recently approved by the League and will supplement Veterans Administration facilities in the cases of Marine veterans in need of convalescent care, especially those suffering from respira-

tory ailments requiring a warm and dry climate.

The collection of war trophies, housed in a large semi-trailer, has been viewed by over a million visitors during its coast-to-coast trip. Major cities in the United States have been visited by the almost half-million-dollar exhibit which has evoked widespread response for its historical and educational value.

The most valuable trinket in the collection is a jewel-studded gold vanity case presented by Herman Goering to his mistress. The case, valued at over \$100,000, weighs almost 200 pounds. The pictures of four semi-nude maidens, depicting the four seasons of the year, decorate the door of the chest. The pictures are made of porcelain inlaid with gold, and are framed by 140 precious and semi-precious jewels—imperial Chinese jade, sapphires, rubies, emeralds and opals.

Last year, through donations at the exhibit, the public contributed more than \$50,000 toward the rehabilitation of discharged Marines.

The exhibit has been touring the large cities of the Eastern United States since spring and may be seen in the Central and Mid-western states during the summer months.



CRUSH—A sweet smelling worker of Grasse, France, shows a Marine the perfumed works



GOERING'S GEAR—The Nazi fat man who looted Europe for his personal aggrandizement has aided, indirectly, in the

rehabilitation of disabled Marine vets. An exhibit of his war trophies toured the U.S. last year and collected \$50,000



Grasse,
works

at Frangonard Ltd., perfume factory. This medieval grinding gizmo crushes the flowers

Whaddaya Want? Blood?

Finding somebody to take your money is a cinch, ordinarily. But two Marines had trouble, recently, finding takers for \$2900. This amount had been collected at the Naval Gun Factory for the Red Cross. Sgt. Don R. Merckx and Pfc. Edwin Ireland were assigned to deliver the dough to Red Cross Headquarters in Washington. Much blood was shed before their mission was accomplished.

They were rebuffed by a lady on the first deck. She didn't want the \$2900. "Just go to the treasurer's office," she said, smiling. "It's at the head of the stairs."

So Merckx and Ireland wandered uncertainly to the stairs looking for the head. Eventually they found a crowded office where a group of Marines sat waiting. Evidently all the Marine contributions were coming in at once. So Merckx and Ireland sat down to wait their turn.

A smiling nurse beckoned to them, and they followed her into an adjoining room. She held out her hand. The sergeant prepared to hand over the \$2900, but the nurse grasped his other hand and jabbed a needle into his index finger. The Pfc suffered likewise.

"We're from the Gun Factory," protested Ireland.



FIRST CLASS BRASS—Sgt. Pearl Jackson USMC-RW, who gets congrats and a cap from Capt. Barbara Somers, is the first woman selected for Officers Training

"Yeah," chimed in Merckx. "We came to give our donations . . ."

"It's wonderful," agreed the nurse cheerfully, as she wheeled some more apparatus into view, "the way you Marines come forward when one of your buddies is sick."

Merckx and Ireland looked at each other helplessly and surrendered a pint of blood each. (They never found out who it was for.)

"Look, Miss," said the sergeant as the nurse thanked them, "Suppose we had some money to give to the Red Cross. Say \$2900. Where should we take it."

She smiled brightly. "Just go to the treasurer's office. It's at the head of the stairs."

Close Call

Some 60 Marines narrowly escaped a horrible death by drowning according to an unauthenticated report released in a local slop chute.

A long chow line caused the trouble. The Marines returning Stateside on an overloaded APA near the end of the war always had trouble getting chow.

Never in history have there been such long chow lines. The chiefs and the ships company messed in fair comfort on the port side. But the Marines were in an endless starboard line which led from the galley below deck. The line shuffled through a corridor, up a ladder, and along the forward boat deck to where the Higgins boats were stacked in their cradles. It went along the rail as far as it could go, turned at the bulkhead, and twisted in and out in a serpentine maze amid the stacked Higgins boats, until hungry Marines occupied all available space.

One day as the Marines stumbled in and out between the Higgins boats they were aware that things were more fouled up than usual. Perhaps the cook had eaten his own chow and died. They continued their march, each man following the one in front.

Members of the ships company stood by grinning at them. The crowd of on-lookers grew. Suddenly the dismayed Marines realized that they were walking in a circle around the Higgins boats.

"Just like a bunch of sheep," reported our disgusted informant. "If somebody had stepped over the side, we'd all been drowned."

END

CINDER PATH RESULTS

by Sgt. Spencer D. Gartz

Leatherneck Staff Writer



Sprinters in the 100-yard-dash shown using the Ben Ogden starting gate



Commandant presents award to sprint champion, Don Jamison, El Toro flash

Official All-Marine Corps Track and Field Records

- 100-YD. DASH—0:10.0, DT3c Don L. Jamison, MCAS, El Toro. June 11, 1949 at Quantico, Va.
- 220-YD. DASH—0:22.2, DT3c Don L. Jamison, MCAS El Toro. June 11, 1949 at Quantico, Va.
- 120-YD. HIGH HURDLES—0:15.3, First Lieutenant Connor Hollingsworth, MCS, Quantico, Va. June 10, 1949 at Quantico, Va.
- 220-YD. LOW HURDLES—0:25.2, Corporal William B. Perry, MCAS, El Toro. June 11, 1949 at Quantico, Va.
- 440-YD. RUN—0:53.2, Lieutenant Floyd A. Cuff, MCS, Quantico, Va., June 10, 1949 at Quantico, Va.
- 880-YD. RUN—2:06, Lieutenant Henry Hart, MCS, Quantico, Va., June 11, 1949, at Quantico, Va.
- 1-MILE RUN—4:40.4, Lieutenant Henry Hart, MCS, Quantico, Va. June 11, 1949, at Quantico, Va.
- 2-MILE RUN—10:21.6, Lieutenant Henry Hart, MCS, Quantico, Va. June 10, 1949, at Quantico, Va.
- 440-YD. RELAY—(4-110's)—0:45.1, Kenworthy, Johnson, Steinker, Cuff, MCS, Quantico, Va. June 10, 1949, at Quantico, Va.
- 1-MILE RELAY—(4-440's)—3:38.9, Molineux, Florio, Carey, Cuff, MCS, Quantico, Va. June 11, 1949, at Quantico, Va.
- SPRINT MEDLEY RELAY (440-220,220,880)—3:55.6, Cuff, Johnson, Steinker, Carey, MCS, Quantico, Va. June 11, 1949, at Quantico, Va.
- MIDDLE DISTANCE MEDLEY RELAY. No record. MCS, Quantico, Va., won but was disqualified at own request. Official winner: MCAS, El Toro, (Soggins, Amos, Strain, Threadgill). Quantico's time, 8:23.3.
- HIGH JUMP—5 feet 11½ inches, Pfc Joseph A. Unger, Jr., MCRD-San Diego, Calif. June 10, 1949, at Quantico, Va.
- BROAD JUMP—23 feet 3½ inches—Lieutenant Connor Hollingsworth, MCS, Quantico, Va. June 10, 1949, at Quantico, Va.
- SHOT PUT—43 feet 11½ inches, Corporal Harry E. Bare, MB, Camp Lejeune, N. C. June 10, 1949, at Quantico, Va.
- JAVELIN THROW—198 feet 2 inches, Lieutenant W. C. Patton, MB, Camp Lejeune, N. C., August 20, 1948, at Quantico, Va.
- DISCUS THROW—141 feet 1½ inches, Private First Class Richard H. Schargus, MCS, Quantico, Va. June 11, 1949, at Quantico, Va.
- POLE VAULT—11 feet 6 inches, Tie, First Lieutenant Connor W. Hollingsworth, MCS, Quantico, Va. August 21, 1948-June 11, 1949, and R. D. Munro, MB, NAS, Pensacola, Florida, August 21, 1948; and TSgt. Elliott R. Gerd, MCAS, El Toro, June 11, 1949.

Quantico takes nine individual titles,

El Toro five, as thin clads clip

12 Marine track and field records



Photos by Louis Lowery

Leatherneck Photographic Director

Quantico's Lieutenant Henry Hart, triple-winner, set records in the 880-yard mile and two-mile runs

El Toro's Bill Perry (far left) winner in low hurdle race is seen overtaking Ben Moore of Quantico at last obstacle



Dick Schargus, Quantico, set a Corps record and bettered his own field mark with a discus-throw of 141-ft. 1-5/8 in.



ONE hundred seventy track-and-field-minded Marines, representing some 20 odd posts and stations throughout the world, converged on Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, during the period June 10-11 and burned up the cinder oval which encircles Butler Stadium's gridiron.

The second running of the All-Marine Corps Track and Field Meet saw 12 meet records broken, one tied, and marks established in two newly added events.

Lieutenant Henry Hart, carrying Quantico's colors, was a triple winner, successfully defending his 880-yard and mile-run titles, won in 1948, and adding the lung-busting two mile-run crown

to his laurels. He set a meet record in each of the events, piling up a 2:06 half-mile, a 4:40.4 mile and a 10:21.6 in the longer jaunt.

The big gun of the 1948 meet, Lieutenant Connor W. Hollingsworth, also of Quantico, took two firsts—the 110-yard high hurdles in 0:15.3 and 23 feet 3½ in. in the broad jump, establishing new meet records in each of the two events. In addition, he tied for first in the pole-vault and tied for second in the high-jump.

Another double-winner was El Toro's DT3c Don Jamison, the flashy tow-headed speedster who startled the 11th NavDis officials a few weeks back by scampering a 0:09.4 100-yard dash.

TURN PAGE 39

CINDER PATH RESULTS (cont)

Jamison was all by himself in the sprints, taking the 100 in 0:10.0 and the 220-yard dash in 0:22.2. These times were rather outstanding considering the soft condition of the track.

Pfc J. A. Unger, Jr., out of MCRD-San Diego, won the high jump and set a new Marine Corps record of 5 feet 11½ inches. The bar was set at 6 feet 1 inch, but the official measurement showed the actual height an inch and a half lower.

Camp Lejeune crashed the winner's circle when Corporal H. E. Bare pushed and coiffed the 16-lb. shot out 43 feet 11¾ inches. He barely beat out Quantico's Schargus who holds the field record. Bare's toss, however, was a new Marine Corps mark.

Pfc Richard Schargus came back to win the discus and set a Corps record as well as field record with a toss of 141 feet 1½ inches.

El Toro's Pfc Floyd Strain won the 440-yard run when Quantico's Lieutenant Floyd Cuff was disqualified for elbowing on the turns. Cuff's time of 0:52.4 bettered the meet record but the disqualification nullified his effort. Cuff's 0:53.2 in a qualifying heat will, however, stand as a new mark.

Pfc A. R. Erickson, representing Cherry Point, tossed the javelin out 174 feet 6 inches for first place and the 1949 crown. The record of 198 feet 2 inches, set by Lieutenant W. C. Patton, Camp Lejeune, in 1948 still stands.

El Toro again emerged on top in the 220-yard low hurdles when Corporal W. B. Perry broke the tape in 0:25.2 to set another meet record. It was a great race with Moore of Quantico lead-

ing most of the way. Perry and Lehman of Camp Pendleton caught Moore at the next to the last hurdle and fought it out the last 30-yards with Perry pulling away ten yards from the finish.

The pole-vaulters were bothered somewhat by a soft runway and a gusty cross wind, but still managed to crawl up to 11 feet 6 inches with Technical Sergeant E. R. Gerd, El Toro and Hollingsworth sharing the leap. Gerd won the toss for the trophy. The record, the same as the winning height, was set in 1948 by Hollingsworth and Munro of Pensacola.

A new event, the middle distance medley relay, was won by El Toro after Quantico, the actual winner, requested that they be disqualified because of the inadvertent use of three officers in the team make-up. Rules governing the meet state that relay teams cannot consist of more than 50 per cent officer personnel. Quantico's time of 8 minutes, 23.3 seconds will not stand as a record. El Toro's team was made up of Scoggins, Amos, Strain and Threadgill.

Another new relay event, the sprint medley relay, was taken by Quantico in 3 minutes 55.6 seconds. Cuff, Quantico's first runner, handling the 440-yard leg, and Strain, El Toro, made a great race with Cuff handing off the baton to Johnson with about a four yard lead. El Toro's Jamison quickly over-hauled Johnson on the second leg of 220-yards and gave the "Flying Bulls" about a five-yard lead. The third leg of the relay remained the same with El Toro out front. Quantico second and Camp Lejeune third with Guantanamo Bay back in fourth. The last leg, made up of half-milers saw Hicks, El Toro, leading with Carey, Quantico, slowly closing



A toss of 174-feet 6-inches by Cherry Point's Adrian Erickson was good for a first place spot in the javelin throw

ing the gap. At the last turn, about 140 yards from the finish, Carey turned on the heat and pulled past Hicks to go well out in front to win. Camp Lejeune's Sergeant Ruscio also caught Hicks inches from the finish line to take second place. (continued on page 58)



Elliott Gerd, El Toro, clearing the pole vault bar at 11-feet 6-inches to gain a tie with Quantico's Hollingsworth

A pole vault tie between Hollingsworth, Quantico, (right) and El Toro's Gerd is decided by event-judge Andy Farkas

IN a hill-rimmed natural amphitheater near Camp Pendleton's historic Santa Margarita Ranch House, units of the First Marine Division held their first "Combat Review" since the end of World War II. Over 7000 men and 1800 vehicles paraded over the stubble of a freshly-cut alfalfa field before a grandstand packed with high-ranking brass and citizens all interested in the division's state preparedness.

For the Marines it was an opportunity to demonstrate their efficiency in marching and handling vehicles of war;

COMBAT REVIEW



by Lindley S. Allen

Photos by Sgt. Jack Slockbower

Leatherneck Staff Photographer

a chance to show-off their varied weapons. John Q. Citizen saw how his tax-paying dollar is spent by the armed forces. Congress had recently passed the largest peacetime, military budget in the nation's history.

One grizzled, gray-haired grandfather, holding his wide-eyed grandson on his lap, smiled grimly and said: "Those guys sure look like they can take care of themselves."

But that was putting it mildly. Every man, every truck, every tank was in full battle regalia as they passed in perfect unison before the Division's Commanding General, Major General Graves B. Erskine, and the Commander of the First Task Fleet, Vice Admiral Gerold F. Bogan, the senior reviewing officers. The general and admiral stood at attention for nearly two hours as column after column of dungaree-clad Marines passed the reviewing stand.

It was a visual demonstration of battle-readiness by the outfit which had



General Pershing tanks guide right with military precision as they parade before the reviewing stand in the first combat review since the end of World War II

TURN PAGE 41

infantry—Queen of Battle—led the huge



These weapons carriers, their guns pointing toward the sky, were only a small portion of the 1800 vehicles which paraded before the jam-packed grandstands



No parade is complete without kids. These two came down from the stands for a better view



The infantry was given the honor of leading the parade of arms and equipment past General Graves B. Erskine's reviewing stand



In full battle regalia, rumbling Mark IV tanks roll down the parade field in an impressive array to demonstrate the First Division's strength and preparedness

opened the first offensive land action against the Japs in the last war—the assault on Guadalcanal. The racket accompanying the review was deafening. There was a terrific din from the moment the saluting batteries, on a high hill behind the grandstand, opened the ceremonies with a 15-gun salute, until the last vehicle—a giant crane—passed the grandstand. The rumble of tanks and bull-dozers and the nervous squeak of their bogie-wheels, the snarl of angry F7F Nightfighters from El Toro, swooping low on their passes over the line of march, the dull tromp of hundreds of rifle-toting infantrymen and the growl of tractors, were accompanied by the strains of marching music played by the First Division's band.

Bayonets flashed in the bright California sun. Camouflaged battle helmets

moved in rhythmic procession. Some of the Marines sat rigidly at attention with crossed arms in trucks. There were hundreds of jeeps, some equipped as ambulances or hauling radio equipment. Others pulled 37-mm. guns, rocket batteries or trailers. There were the heavy 155 guns and 105s of the Eleventh Marines towed behind their prime-movers. There were huge cranes, tank retrievers, amphibious tractors, motorized equipment of every type and description.

But with all this mechanization, the

infantry—Queen of Battle—led the huge procession. Fittingly enough, the first combat unit to swing smartly past the reviewing stand was the First Marines. On the heels of the First came the Sixth Marines. Near the center of the parade—in massed formation—the division's colors rippled proudly in a light breeze. The band, after making the traditional march the length of the parade field, formed in the center of the grandstands, where it played on and on, seemingly never to tire.



Every type of combat vehicle was paraded in the giant review, jeeps, trucks, tanks, amphibious tractors—even a king-size crane



Major General Graves B. Erskine, skipper of the First Division, reviews the troops with high-ranking Army and Navy officers



The First Division's Air Force, tiny "Grasshoppers" from VMO-6, demonstrated their combat readiness with a formation flight over the line of marching men

It was a colorful and impressive spectacle. And the vast throng showed their appreciation with loud cheers as the various units and their commanding officers were announced over the loudspeaker.

Adding more color by his presence in the reviewing stand was General Holland F. (Howlin' Mad) Smith, jaunty in a plaid sport jacket and enjoying the show enormously. The review must have brought back a mint-full of memories to the general. For it was he who took the division, when it was still a brigade back in 1940, and pioneered the amphibious tactics which won for the Corps so much renown during the Pacific War.

"The heart of the Marine Corps is in its Fleet Marine Force," General A. A. Vandegrift once said. As an integral part of the FMF, the First Division, in its "Combat Review," proved again it's readiness for any emergency. **END**



These machine gun crews received rounds of applause from the large audience of tourists, Marines, their guests, and towns-people from near-by communities

EVOLUTION

The advance of civilization from crudity
And forthright nudity
Should be apparent to the veriest dub.
Before the discovery of modesty and that stuff
Everyone bathed in the buff
And courtship was done with a club.

The genius who invented pants should have his bust in the Hall of Fame
But nobody remembers his name.
Likewise the person who conceived the skirt and the bra and socks . . .
But instead of buying the jerks who designed swimming suits through the years
One or two beers
We ought to throw rocks.



There were times in history when society said: the hell with swimming.
Especially for wimming.
A lady taught her daughter
She aughter avoid waughter.
Those bathless babes left everyone breathless in a drawing room
Fortunately, there was a boom
In perfume.



In the gay nineties the pursuit of gaiety was intense
And the bathing costumes were beyond belief.
Grandma walked around in tents
And no man could guess what went on underneath.
She covered everything with swirling sashes
Which left the men twirling their mustaches.



Perhaps the bathing beauty of that day deserves our veneration
But science has found
She often drowned
Without passing her bad taste in clothing on to the succeeding generation.



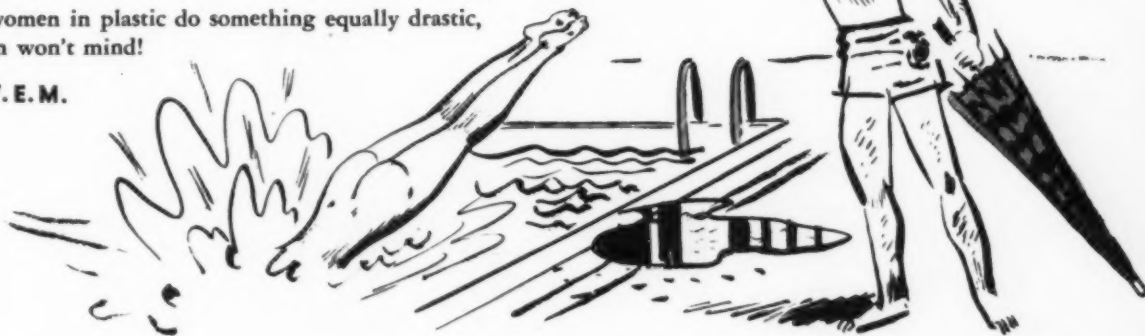
The Flapper era was distinguished by the appearance of limbs
And an indignant rustling of outraged bustlers
Who wailed about the decline of morals and sang hymns
And said the Flappers looked like hustlers.
Actually the Flapper had less sex appeal
Than the average seal.

During the twenties women became cylindrical above the knees
And their trunks would have looked better on trees.
No one saw a waist line
Until the bust came in '29.

Our present day suits have nearly ruined swimming as a sport
Although they are upheld in court.
(What holds them up is difficult to determine actually).
Men go to the beach not to swim but to observe life factually.
But no swimming instructors, frustrated and surly, sue.
Nor do the operators of burleycue.

Behold our civilized advance
Into, and then out of, pants.
Soon we may be wearing what they wore
50,000 years before
When Women with fairskin left bearskin
Behind.
If our women in plastic do something equally drastic,
The men won't mind!

— W. E. M.



ALL-NAVY

PHOTOS BY SGT. CHARLES B. TYLER
Official Marine Corps Photographer
AND OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPHERS

by Sgt. Spencer D. Gartz

Leatherneck Staff Writer

THREE Marine Corps fighters captured individual boxing titles in the All-Navy Boxing Championships held in Oakland, Calif., May 24-28, 1949.

Corp. Myrven "Red" Davis, operating out of Camp Lejeune, gained a unanimous decision over Seaman Clyde M. Price from the Hawaiian area, and won the flyweight (112-lb.) crown. Davis won all three rounds using a sharp left jab and an effective right cross to the head. In the clinches he displayed a vicious two-handed body attack which gradually wore down his Sailor opponent. The smiling red-head opened each of the three nights of fighting, and by winning his final bout became the first Marine to win such an All-Navy crown in post-war competition.

Another Camp Lejeune Marine, Pfc Dorsey Fears, picked up an unanimous decision and the bantamweight title as well, when he upset the favored Pacific Fleet champion, Stewardsman Al Glover. Fears' southpaw style seemed to baffle Glover from the opening bell right through to the finish. The fight was another Fears' "wind-mill" session; he missed frequently, but landed enough blows to convince all the judges of his ability.

Corp. Rudy Lara, Cherry Pointer, went against the crowd's favorite—Seaman Sammy Williams, Hawaiian area, and dropped a split decision. Rudy won the first round, flooring Williams for an eight-count. Williams came back and had a slight edge to gain the second

round. The third was the deciding round, a slam-bang set to all the way. Both landed telling blows, and seconds before the gong sounded, a long, over-hand right to Williams' jaw had him stumbling in a daze, mouth-piece hanging out askew. The bell rang before Lara could put on the clincher. They say everyone has a right to their own opinion and I won't begrudge the judges' theirs, so it went to Williams on a split vote.

The next Marine to enter the ring was middleweight Sgt. George "Buck" McDuffie from Guam. His opponent was Stewardsman Sammy "Assassin" Williams, who won by a TKO in the first round. The "Assassin" carried too much right-hand power for McDuffie. Buck was game, getting up after two knockdowns and trading punches, but lacking power in his blows to do enough damage.

The wind-up bout of the evening,

Marine fighters capture three individual titles, winning laurels in the

112-lb., 132-lb. and heavyweight divisions



The heavyweight bout was a Pier 6 "go" all the way. Here's Joe Connell rocking Kirby Seals with a hard right

BOXING - '49



"Oh, that Connell, Oh, that Connell, before you could stack your cue in the rack Connell lowered the boom." Joe's powerful blows gained him a unanimous nod

in the heavyweight class brought together Pfc Joe Connell off the *USS Mississippi*, and Stewardsman Kirby Seals, Pacific Fleet champ.

Marine Joe won an unanimous decision in one of the most brutal heavy-weight goes ever staged in Navy competition. The capacity crowd of 8200 fans were on their feet throughout as both men laid the leather to each other. Joe won the first round by a slight margin gaining points between the violent exchanges by using a straight left to the face effectively. Seals was giving as well as receiving in the second round, but Connell's remarkable recuperative powers served him well and enabled him to rally and gain the nod in this round, too. Both men, showing the effects of the savage fighting, were tired; Seals was bleeding from the mouth and ready to drop as Joe kept pouring it on in the exchanges. Nobody knows what power kept both men on their feet. In the last minute of fighting, Connell called on his seemingly inexhaustible reserve and landed several hard lefts and a right to the head which had Seals staggering into the ropes. At the finish the crowd stood

and cheered for five minutes—many a year will roll by before another brawl will rival it. When the writer left the dressing rooms 45 minutes after the fight was over, the medicos were still administering to Seals who was completely exhausted.

The lightweight title went to Seaman Earl Williams, Hawaiian area, who decided Stewardsman Eddie Milton, Pacific Fleet.

Stewardsman Albert "Andy" Anderson, Hawaiian area, KO'D Pacific Fleet's Billy Bullock in the first round to gain the welterweight crown.

Dossons "King" Oliver, Hawaiian Area, gained a unanimous decision over Stewardsman Jimmy DePena, Middle-Atlantic Group and gained the light-heavyweight title.

Winners received inscribed gold belt buckles and sweaters with emblems denoting their championship. Runners-up received silver buckles.

The opening phase of the tournament got underway Tuesday afternoon, May 24th, at NAS, Alameda Naval Air Station. It was an outdoor affair, two rings in action at once under a boiling hot sun.



Twelve Marine Corps boxers had qualified for the quarter-finals, and the luck of the draw was in our favor. For a change Marines wouldn't be eliminating Marines.

Camp Lejeune's Corp. Myrven "Red" Davis opened this great tournament by winning a split decision over Seaman Jimmy Quinn, last year's flyweight champion. Last year Quinn eliminated Davis in the quarter-finals, but Red made such a good impression that he was selected, along with Quinn, to go to Annapolis to train for the 1948 Navy Olympic Boxing Team.

Red captured the third round, literally swarming all over Quinn, and it was this flurry of punches that swung the decision his way.

Pfc Dorsey L. Fears, a southpaw out of Camp Lejeune, followed up the Davis victory with a unanimous decision over Seaman Benny Biggert in the 118-lb. class. It was Fears all the way, his wind-mill flailing had Biggert on the run all through the fight.

Corp. Johnny Malloy was the Corps' first casualty, dropping a unanimous decision to Aviation Seaman Sammy Williams, of the Hawaiian Group, in the 126-lb. division. Williams, a tall, gangling, skinny kid in last year's fights, fattened up a bit, moved up one weight class and is now one of the classier Navy fighters. El Toro's Malloy landed a few telling punches, but was clearly outpunched by Williams in the exchanges.

Cherry Point had a winner the first day, too, when Corp. Rudy Lara, 126-lbs., took a split decision over the veteran Stewardsman Haywood "Red"

ALL-NAVY BOXING (cont.)

Williams, off the *USS Sperry*. Rudy's clever maneuvering and effective counter-blows gained him the nod.

Corp. Johnny Biancaniello, also of Cherry Point, followed up with a split decision over the Atlantic Fleet's Machinist Mate Joey Marlo in the light-weight division. Johnny had to call on all his ring lore to pull this one out of the fire.

The San Diego Recruit Depot then crashed the winner's circle when Pfc Armond Goetter grabbed a unanimous decision over Stewardsman Isidro Sanchez, from the Far East. Goetter was definitely out of favor with the partisan Alameda sailor crowd and for a good reason. Two weeks previously Goetter had eliminated the Air Station's pride and joy, their 1948 All-Navy Champion, Johnny Aguilar, in the West Coast finals. Goetter didn't have any trouble piling up points to take this one.

Not to be outdone by their western athletic rival, Quantico then grabbed a brass ring off this wild, merry-go-round affair when their welterweight, Corp. Mario DeSantis, knocked out Stewardsman Wilburet "Tricky" Holloway in the second round. "Tricky" was living up to his novel nickname by giving DeSantis some trouble in the first round and during the opening seconds of the second. DeSantis, however, began mixing it up in the middle of the ring and dropped the Far Eastern lad with a vicious right hook to the jaw. A 50 count wouldn't have helped Holloway—he was "cold."

Sgt. George "Buck" McDuffie, a Guam Marine, then followed up with a split decision over Seaman Allen Morrell in the middleweight class. It was too close for comfort, a coin toss-up



The Corps new flyweight champion, Corporal Myrven "Red" Davis, Lejeune, blinking from a left jab by Sailor Claude Price. Davis, however, won handily

affair, and could have gone either way. Neither man punched hard enough to break the proverbial egg-shell.

Pfc William McClendon, working out of Camp Lejeune in the 175-lb. class, pulled defending champion Jimmy DePena as his opponent. The hard-punching champion disposed of McClendon in the first round via the KO route. It was fast and rugged, as far as it went. Both fighters began mixing it soon after the gong sounded, but DePena ended it with one solid sock, a right to the jaw.

Pvt. Jesse Barber, MB, Camp Pendleton, in the lower bracket of the 175-lb. division, kept the Corps in the running in that weight class by knocking out Seaman Eddie Bush from the Northeast Group in the first round. Barber a "little" light-heavyweight carries a deceptive punch, a short right-hand jolt, straight out from the shoulder. No one saw it coming, but everyone heard it; everyone, that is, but Bush. By the time he was revived, the echo had passed off into the distance.

Pvt. Allen Williams, a Guam heavyweight, dropped a decision to Stewardsman Hank Ebron of the Hawaiian Group. It was a good fight with Ebron

landing the more telling blows. Ringsiders, however, were quite impressed with the way Williams fought. He's a tall, rangy kid and could use about 10 or 15 more pounds in order to really get him "in" the heavyweight class. He moves around well, has an excellent left hand and could have a solid right hook if he could learn to get his body and shoulder into it. Maybe it will come with added weight. In the hands of a good coach he'll do very well.

Pfc Joseph Connell, Marine Detachment, *USS Mississippi*, and finalist in the heavyweight division of last year's championships, walked into the semi-final round by forfeit. His scheduled opponent came up with a bad hand, the Navy Medicos giving him the negative pennant upon examination.

After a day of rest, the scene of action for the semi-final round was switched indoors to the huge Oakland Auditorium. Before a packed house, "Red" Davis once more opened the festivities by knocking out the Far East's Stewardsman Danny Ignacio in the second round. Davis piled up a wide margin in the first round by reaching Ignacio's jaw and belly with hard right hand punches. They met in the center of the ring at the opening of the second round and after a vicious exchange of lefts and rights, the skinny redhead landed a rock-crusher on Danny's jaw. It took the Medicos several minutes to bring the game Far Eastern flyweight back to "clear" street.



Pfc Dorsey Fears, 118-lb champ, out of Camp Lejeune, receives his award from ComWesSeaFron Vice-Adm. Murry



Fears picking up points with a flicking right to Glover's face during final bout

Camp Lejeune's Dorsey Fears then gained the final round by winning a unanimous decision over Seaman Floyd Taylor of the Northeastern Group. Both fighters resorted to the crowd-pleasing wind-mill style, missing frequently, but Fears landed enough jolting left hooks to take the judges' nods.

Featherweight Rudy Lara then came through with a second round KO over the Atlantic Fleet's Bob Nichols. Rudy had a slight lead in the first round and was adding to it in the second when the opening came. A short left hook straightened Nichols up out of his crouch and a lightning-like right-cross boomed off his jaw. The sailor dropped as if pole-axed, landing on the canvas with a thunderous thud which raised a cloud of rosin dust all around him. It was one of the hardest punches of the tourney and it was some time before the Medicos would allow Nichols to leave the ring.

Cherry Point's Johnny Biancanello then became Seaman Earl Williams' second KO victim when he was stopped in 1:35 of the first round. Williams has one of the hardest right-hand punches the writer has ever seen in the lighter weight classes. He KO'd his first opponent on opening day in 16 seconds.

Johnny was hit with the right immediately following the opening bell; he was hurt but covered up well and tried to stay clear until he could completely shake off its effects. Williams, however, kept stalking him and brought Johnny up out of his crouch with a

dynamiting right-hand uppercut, and the curtain came down. It wasn't a disgrace to lose to this guy, Williams; as long as he can throw that right, anyone's liable to catch it.

San Diego's Armond Goetter dropped a split-decision to Pacific Fleet's Ed Milton. It was another of those milling fights, without any hard blows being landed—making the judges' job difficult.

Quantico's Mario DeSantis then dropped a unanimous decision to Pacific Fleet's Billy Bullock, who was a finalist in last year's show. Bullock is much-touted and rightly so; a good boxer and hard puncher. It was a good, hard fight all the way, with DeSantis surprising everyone and winning the house's pleasure by trading punches toe-to-toe with Bullock.

Guam's middleweight, Sgt. Buck McDuffie took a unanimous decision over Seaman Joe Jordon, Middle-Atlantic Group. Buck had trouble keeping his gloves open, was warned repeatedly by the referee, but still had enough points to take it.

CamPen's Jesse Barber then met Hawaiian Group's Dossons "King" Oliver, 1949 National AAU 175 lb. title holder. The "King" took a unanimous decision

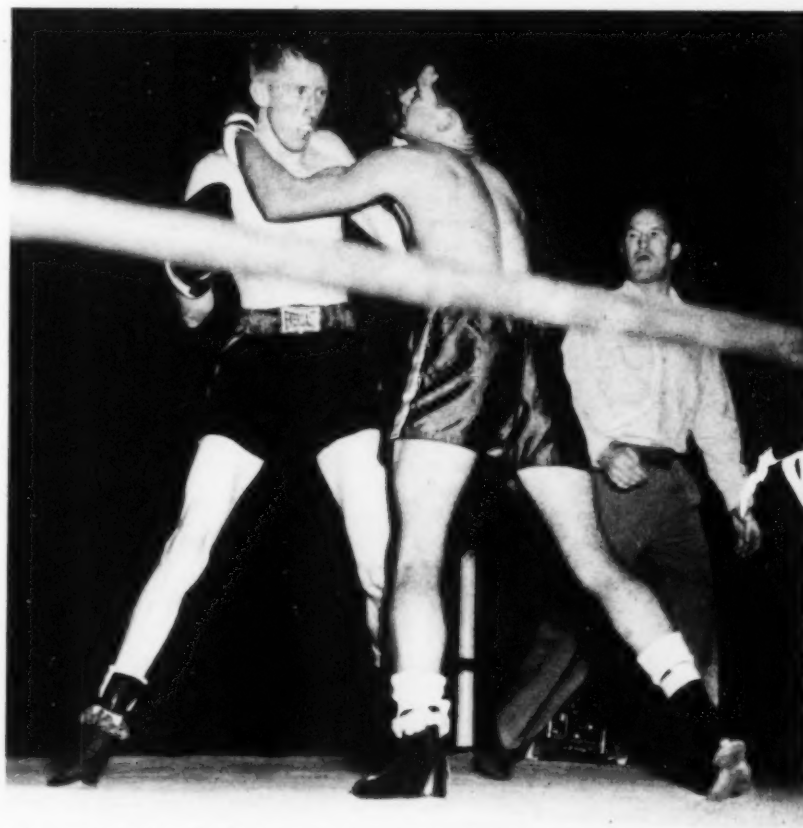
over Barber. Barber hurt Oliver twice with hard punches, causing Oliver to resort to tactics not quite in accord with the crowd's idea of fighting, or the AAU rules, for that matter. Admittedly, Oliver was the better man, but the crowd went for Barber, who apparently hadn't read newspaper accounts of Oliver's prowess and walked right into him and made a fight of it.

Pfc Joe Connell and Henry Ebron, Hawaiian Area Stewardsman, brought down the house completely by staging a Pier 6 brawl for three rounds. Both fighters were almost out on their feet at the finish, but Connell was still able to lift his arms and swing away. That was enough for the judges, and Connell got the unanimous decision.

This year's fights were by far the best of post-war Navy competition, and the Marine Corps did very well to gain three titles, even to get five men into the final round. Last year, if you recall, only one man climbed to the final round and he lost by a TKO in the first round.

The Corps' fighters, coaches and handlers are to be congratulated on a job well done. Keep punchin'—maybe next year we'll have eight men in the title round!

END



Last round of the "Red" Davis—Seaman Price bout, with Davis pounding a right hand trip-hammer to the Sailor's mid-section as he hangs on in an effort to stay

MARINE CORPS CHARGES

Marine Corps Special Orders
#123-49
to
Marine Corps Special Orders
#164-49

Leatherneck is reinstating a one-time popular feature of the magazine. Each month we will publish names of the first three pay grade personnel transferred by Marine Corps Special Orders. We will print as many as space permits. These columns will list both the old and new duty stations. When practicable, other pay grades will be added.

Leatherneck will also carry a list of promotions, at various intervals, according to SSN and duty station. These revived features are intended primarily to provide information whereby Marines may maintain a closer contact with these two important phases of the Corps.

DAVIS, ALDEN A., Ssgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
KRAMER, WILLIAM L., Ssgt. (538) fr MCAS El Toro to VMP-218.
LYNCH, MILTON E., Mgt. (812) fr MB Pendleton to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
GRATTAN, EDWARD V., Mgt. (059) fr MB Pendleton to DQBF.
HELMES, HARRY J., Mgt. (542) fr MB Pendleton to MB NTC Great Lakes, Ill duins ElecTech Course.
McLEOD, WILFRED N., Mgt. (847) fr MCS Quantico to MB Lejeune.
FOX, EARL "A", Tsgt. (822) fr MCS Quantico to 3dMarDiv Lejeune.
STONE, FRANK M., (813) fr MB NTC Great Lakes, Ill to 3dMarDiv Lejeune.
MAXWELL, JOHN J., Tsgt. (747) fr MCAS Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.
CATER, LEROY R., Tsgt. (956) fr MCAS Quantico to MCAS El Toro.
HARFORD, DONALD E., Ssgt. (735) fr MCAS Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.
GILBERT, EDWARD P., Ssgt. (060) fr MCAS Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.
DANNER, IRA, Ssgt. (561) fr MCAS Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.
BORKKE, ADAM T., Mgt. (812) fr MCDS SanFran to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
HANSEN, JOHN R., Ssgt. (341) fr MCDS SanFran to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
ROGERS, HARLAND P., Mgt. (097) fr MB NAD Earle, NJ to MB Lejeune.
MARQUES, ROQUE E., Ssgt. (097) fr MB NAD Earle, NJ to MB Lejeune.
McCROSBKEY, WILLIAM C., Ssgt. (097) fr MB NAD Earle, NJ to MB Lejeune.
GORDON, WILLIAM, Mgt. (812) fr MCRDep Diego to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
H. GHER, FLOYD, Ssgt. (989) fr MCRDep Diego to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
DONNELLY, JOHN, Mgt. (812) fr MD NTC Diego to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
STEVENS, JAMES A., Mgt. (812) fr MD NTC Diego to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
KENN, HERBERT T., Jr., Ssgt. (796) fr FMFPac to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
COUNTR, LUCIAN T., Ssgt. (059) fr FMFPac to MCRDep PI.
O'NEILL, WILLIAM J., Jr., Ssgt. (114) fr MCDS Phila to HQ FMFPac.
NEBVOID, HARRY B., Tsgt. (107) fr MCDS Phila to 3dMarDiv Lejeune.
MADDOCK, ARTHUR J., Mgt. (847) fr TTU Little Creek, Va to MCS Quantico.
RATLIFF, JAKE, Tsgt. (947) fr MB NNSyd Flomh, Va to HQ FMFPac.
OLSWFELK, VICTOR A., Ssgt. (796) fr MB NB Phila to 3dMarDiv Lejeune.
HEMPHILL, CHARLES, Jr., Ssgt. (506) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
SYPIER, JAMES P., Mgt. (812) fr MCRDep PI to MCS Quantico.
RIMPSON, JOHN T., Mgt. (584/262) fr 8th MCRD NOLA to MB NB Brev.
DYLE, HARRY M., Mgt. (812/262) fr 11th MCRD Los Angeles, Calif to MB NS Treasure Island, SanFran.
TUCK, DUANE H., Mgt. (486) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro (VMP-218).
MILLER, CHARLES R., Jr., Ssgt. (060) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro (VMP-218).
URBEY, JOSEPH C., Jr., Mgt. (087/770) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro (VMP-218).

LOTT, ROY J., Tsgt. (060) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro (VMP-218).
SHRA, JOHN E., Tsgt. (085) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro (VMP-218).
BROWN, CARROLL E., Tsgt. (911/770) fr MCAS El Toro to VMP-218.
GRIFFIS, JAMES H., Tsgt. (519) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
BACON, FRANCIS H., Ssgt. (017) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
PERRY, JOSEPH A., Ssgt. (566) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
DEVILBISS, LEXONARD E., Mgt. (501) fr FMFPac to DP SanFran furas within that command.
BONOFILIO, JOSEPH V., Ssgt. (812) fr FMFPac to MCS Quantico.
MAY, EARL "J", Mgt. (812) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MCS Quantico.
THOMAS, ROBERT L., Mgt. (268) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MCRDep Diego.
PRESSUTTI, ALEXANDER, Tsgt. (512) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MB NTC Great Lakes, Ill duins ElecTech Course.
ALLEN, ALBERT L., Mgt. (584/262) fr MCS Quantico to 5th MCRB WashDC.
GALLOR, PETER, Ssgt. (501) fr MCS Quantico to MD USS LEYTE.
O'BRIEN, WILLIAM F., Ssgt. (745) fr MCS Quantico to 3dMarDiv Lejeune.
BAILEY, MELV "D", Mgt. (812) fr MCRDep PI to MCS Quantico.
BAKER, ULYSSES S., Mgt. (801) fr MB Pendleton to 3dMarDiv Lejeune.
ZAHN, WILLIAM A., Tsgt. (636) fr MB Pendleton to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
SHIRLEY, DAVID M., Tsgt. (187) fr MB Pendleton to MB NTC Great Lakes, Ill duins ElecTech Course.
DAVIS, CHARLES H., Mgt. (090) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to MCS Quantico.
KIRKBRIDE, JACK D., Tsgt. (615/262) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to 11th MCRD Los Angeles, Calif.
WILLIAMS, BEVERLY H., Tsgt. (501) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to MCRDep PI duins cl 34 PersAdmin Course.
BECK, EDWARD O., Mgt. (812) fr MB Lejeune to MCS Quantico.
PHILBIN, WILLIAM, Mgt. (584/262) fr 4th MCRD Phila to MCRDep PI.
JEFFREY, MAURICE P., Mgt. (501/262) fr 1st MCRD Bos to MB NAS Jacksonville, Fla.
PHIFER, EDWARD D., Mgt. (584/262) fr MB NAS Jacksonville, Fla to 4th MCRD Phila.
RAGAN, VERNON S., Tsgt. (262) fr 6th MCRD Atlanta, Ga to MB Lejeune.
TRESS, ROBERT E., Tsgt. (501) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to 3dMarDiv Lejeune.
GILBERT, ROBERT A., Tsgt. (747/710) fr MCAS Quantico to MCAS El Toro (VMP-218).
NORRIS, ELTON O., Ssgt. (812) fr MB NY Brooklyn to 3dMarDiv Lejeune.
GIARDINA, FRANCIS R., Ssgt. (735) fr MB NY Brooklyn to 3dMarDiv Lejeune.
MORELAND, EDWARD H., Mgt. (787/770) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
SHIFFLETTE, WARREN L., Mgt. (501) fr MCAS Cherry Point to HqBn HQMC WashDC.
BRILL, WILLIAM J., Tsgt. (501) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MCRDep PI.
BROWN, ARTHUR A., Tsgt. (747) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MCAS Cherry Point.
GRALAK, EUGENE T., Tsgt. (684) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MCAS Cherry Point.
HOOVEN, ROBERT M., Ssgt. (747) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MCAS Cherry Point.
STERNER, RALPH R., Mgt. (639) fr MCDS NorVa to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
PETERSEN, JAMES R., Tsgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to HqBn HQMC WashDC.
PETKEVICH, VITO J., Tsgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to HqBn HQMC WashDC.
SRABIAN, VINCENT O., Tsgt. (501) fr MCRDep PI to 3dMarDiv Lejeune.
TACKETT, JAMES A., Tsgt. (711) fr MCRDep PI to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
ROBERT, SAMUEL W., Mgt. (945) fr MB Pendleton to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
DEVITT, WILLIAM J., Mgt. (585) fr MB Pendleton to 3dMarDiv Lejeune.
LACROIX, MITCHELL N., Tsgt. (747) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
TURNER, JOE L., Tsgt. (717) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
WINDER, CHESTER A., Ssgt. (506) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to MarCorpsActy as dir by CG DP SanFran.
NEBEL, PETER H., Ssgt. (812) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to MCRDep PI duins cl 34 PersAdmin Course.
BOGOS, JAMES E., Ssgt. (611) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to MB Pendleton duins TeElec Course.
DI LEO, LOUIS R., Tsgt. (501) fr NERD Phila to MCRDep PI duins cl 34 PersAdmin Course.
FINNIGAN, JOHN, Tsgt. (601) fr NERD MISS-1881PI to MB NNSVD Flomh, Va.
DILLION, ALLAN C., Tsgt. (812) fr MD NTP South Cham, WVa to MD USS MISSISSIPPI.
SAMPHER, FLORIANO P., Tsgt. (863) fr MB Wash NOF WashDC to 3dMarDiv Lejeune.
LISTON, ITHMER, Ssgt. (322) fr 3dMarDiv Lejeune to MB Lejeune.
ADAMS, JAMES C., Ssgt. (641) orders fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MB Pendleton, cancelled.
ABBEY, GERALD G., Ssgt. (641) orders fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MB Pendleton, cancelled.
GAMBLIN, JACK L., Ssgt. (641) orders fr 2dMarDiv to MB Pendleton, cancelled.
McWENKEY, JOHN R., Ssgt. (641) orders fr 2dMarDiv to MB Pendleton, cancelled.
JOHNSON, ORMOND L., Tsgt. (501) fr NERD Phila to MCRDep PI duins PersAdmin Course.
VALENTINE, WALTER G., Ssgt. (591) fr NERD Phila to 3dMarDiv Lejeune.
ROSS, KARLTON R., Ssgt. (501) fr NERD Phila to MCRDep PI duins PersAdmin Course.
GUADET, VERNARD J., Ssgt. (501) fr NERD Phila to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
MISCHER, THOMAS, Mgt. (584) fr CRD Chicago, Ill to MCS Quantico.
FRANKLIN, EDWIN E., Tsgt. (522) fr CRD Chicago, Ill to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
MILAM, OZELL W., Ssgt. (812) fr CRD Chicago, Ill to MD NBT CNB NorVa.
WYLLIE, JOHN R., Mgt. (501) fr 3dMCRD NY NY to MCRDep PI duins PersAdmin Course.
COX, JOHN D., Tsgt. (791) fr WRD SanFran to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
JOACHIM, ORVILLE N. F., Tsgt. (501) fr WRD SanFran to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.

MORRIS, JOHN L., Tsgt. (501) fr MB NTC Great Lakes, Ill to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
RATTLEY, WILLIAM U., Ssgt. (501) fr 8RD Dallas, Tex to 3dMarDiv Lejeune.
JACKSON, PAUL A., Mgt. (584) fr MWRD St Louis, Mo to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
ALDRIDGE, ALLEN C., Ssgt. (501) fr MWRD St Louis, Mo to MD NBT CNB NorVa.
BOWEN, OSCAR T., Jr., Mgt. (505) fr MB NAD Bangor, Wash to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
COX, LESLIE L., Tsgt. (606) fr MB NAD Bangor, Wash to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
McMULLAN, BETHEA, Tsgt. (564) fr MD NBT CNB NorVa, Calif to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
SCOTT, JOHN J., Tsgt. (667) fr FMFPac to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
LEWIS, CLYTON H., Ssgt. (845) fr MD NTC Diego to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
MADDEN, OSCAR, Jr., Ssgt. (603) fr MB NAS Diego to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
WEAVER, FRANCIS H., Ssgt. (600) fr MD NDB San Pedro, Calif to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
KENNEDY, JOE, Ssgt. (606) fr MB NS Treasure Island, Calif to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
LEIDICH, JAMES E., Jr., Ssgt. (275) fr 15thNADla Balboa, CZ to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
RIDDLE, JOHN W., Tsgt. (815) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MarCorpsActy as dir by CG DP SanFran.
JENKINS, WALTER H., Tsgt. (060) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MB NB Phila.
PARKER, JOHN B., Mgt. (060) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
DENNY, MERLE L., Mgt. (501) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
MARTIN, FREDERIC C., Mgt. (594) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
NEAL, CHARLES D., Mgt. (747) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
CUMMINGS, NELSON J. F., Mgt. (813) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
GRAHAM, ARTHUR R., Tsgt. (878/866) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
ARCHER, CHARLES M., Tsgt. (747) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
GORDON, JOHN B., Tsgt. (911) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
HALL, JUNIOR R., Ssgt. (911) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
RHODAS, WILLIAM S., Ssgt. (747) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
GREENE, HOWARD R., Mgt. (622) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCRDep PI.
SCHIFFMAN, EARL B., Mgt. (594) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
O'BRIEN, ANDROSE K., Mgt. (555) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
VEITH, FRANK, Mgt. (82) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
CASTOR, MELVIN H., Tsgt. (564) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
MERLETTI, GILFROI J., Tsgt. (892) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
CALDWELL, GEORGE L., Tsgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
PELKOWSKI, THEODORE S., Tsgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
SISSON, SAMUEL E., Tsgt. (643) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Quantico.
JULIAN, JOHN H., Mgt. (747/770) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Quantico.
TURNAGE, WILLIAM G., Mgt. (911) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Quantico.
VAN LIJEW, WILLARD J., Mgt. (956) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Quantico.
SPARKS, TRAVERS R., Mgt. (620) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Quantico.
HALL, HAYWOOD P., Mgt. (815) fr MB Lejeune to MarCorpsActy as dir by CG DP SanFran.
ROMEIKO, JOSEPH H., Mgt. (747) fr MCAS Quantico to MCAS El Toro.
PHILLIPS, ROBERT E., Tsgt. (747) fr MCAS Quantico to MCAS El Toro.
LOCKE, ORVILLE C., Ssgt. (911) fr MCAS Quantico to MCAS El Toro.
DOLAN, WILLIAM P., Ssgt. (504) fr MCAS Quantico to MCAS El Toro.
WICKSTROM, ELMER C., Mgt. (815/823) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to MarCorpsActy as dir by CG DP SanFran.
MITCHELL, GUY C., Mgt. (600) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to MarCorpsActy as dir by CG DP SanFran.
KLAR, WILLIAM E., Tsgt. (615) fr 1stMarDiv to MarCorpsActy as dir by CG DP SanFran.
TOLER, ROBERT C., Tsgt. (511) fr 1stMarDiv to MarCorpsActy as dir by CG DP SanFran.
WYNN, "G", Jr., Ssgt. (815) fr 1stMarDiv to MarCorpsActy as dir by CG DP SanFran.
URBANEC, WALTER A., Mgt. (815) fr MB Pendleton to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
BRYANT, JAMES, Mgt. (815) fr MB Pendleton to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
WHITE, MENARD T., Tsgt. (511) fr MB Pendleton to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
SUTLIFF, MARVIN H., Mgt. (815) fr MB NTC Great Lakes, Ill to MB Lejeune.
WOLCOTT, JOHN H., Mgt. (677) fr MB NTC Great Lakes, Ill to CRD Chicago, Ill.
HAIDINGER, ROBERT P., Tsgt. (601) fr MB NTC Great Lakes, Ill to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
BOSTON, KENNETH C., Tsgt. (544) fr MB NTC Great Lakes, Ill to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
GERTIS, FREDIE, Tsgt. (568) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to MCRDep PI.
WOOD, WILLIAM A. C., Jr., Ssgt. (839) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
RAGAN, DONALD P., Tsgt. (906) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MCS Quantico.
SHECKLER, HAROLD A., Tsgt. (511) fr MB Lejeune to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
SHYNAKRE, JOE A., Tsgt. (815) fr MCRDep PI to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
FLOYD, OLIN C., Tsgt. (603) fr MCRDep PI to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
ALLEN, JOHN H. Sr., Tsgt. (913) fr MB Lejeune to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
TODD, ORA E., Jr., Tsgt. (823/922) fr MCDS Phila to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
JONES, CARL E., Tsgt. (505) fr MB NS NorVa to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
McDONN, WALTER H., Tsgt. (756) fr MCAS El Toro to HqBn HQMC WashDC.
GIAMPIETRO, NICHOLAS A., Jr., Ssgt. (511) fr MCDS Phila to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
LEE, JOHN H., Mgt. (549) fr MB Pendleton to 1-14thSigCo USMCB Brooklyn, NY.
NICHOLAS, REES E. JR., Tsgt. (542) fr MB Pendleton to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
BIBEAULT, JOHN P., Tsgt. (542) fr MB Pendleton to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.

GAGANICH, GEORGE J., Ssgt. (646) fr MB Pendleton to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
BLANCHARD, CLAYTON A., Ssgt. (648) fr MB Pendleton to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
FERRIS, WESLEY R., Ssgt. (646) fr MB Pendleton to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
HEATH, JAMES W. JR., Tsgt. (646) fr MB Pendleton to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
LEAK, HERBERT J., Tsgt. (542) fr MB Pendleton to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
DOTY, WALTON L., Tsgt. (542) fr MB Lejeune to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
CHNETZLER, PAUL M., Ssgt. (775) fr MB Pendleton to HqBn HQMC WashDC.
RYDER, THOMAS E., Tsgt. (646) fr MB Pendleton to Point to MCAS El Toro.
HOFMANN, CHARLES E., Tsgt. (542) fr MB Pendleton to MCAS El Toro.
STAMPS, MAX R., Tsgt. (542) fr MB Pendleton to TTU NavPhibBase Coronado Diego.
JONES, WILSON D., Tsgt. (646) fr MB Pendleton to DQSF.
FELLOWS, ROBERT C., Tsgt. (648) fr MB Pendleton to MCS Quantico.
FLUGGER, EDW L., Ssgt. (646) fr MB Pendleton to MCAS Cherry Point.
CADDLE, JOHN J., Ssgt. (542) fr MB Pendleton to MCS Quantico.
REEVE, FRANK M., Tsgt. (501) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to HqBn HQMC WashDC.
McADAMS, MICHAEL L., Ssgt. (501) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to MB NB Annapolis, Md.
SWIMME, SENECA K., Ssgt. (544) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MB NPTC NB NorVa.
MILLER, JOHN R., Tsgt. (501) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to HqBn HQMC WashDC.
MANNING, WENDELL W. JR., Tsgt. (512) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MB Lejeune duns MTCool.
PLUCINSKY, EDWARD S., Ssgt. (544) fr MB NFF Indianhead, Md to 2dMarDiv Pendleton.
NIX, WILLIAM O., Ssgt. (152) fr MCRDep Diego to HqBn HQMC WashDC.
WARD, EVANS M., Ssgt. (605) FMFlant NB NorVa to DP SanFran.
CORIOSSI, ANTHONY, Ssgt. (584) fr 9th MCRD Chicago, Ill to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
WHATLEY, EDWARD C., Tsgt. (607) fr MWRD Lejeune to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
SKARZYNSKI, JOHN S., Tsgt. (735) fr MB Wash NGF WashDC to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
PARANZINO, NICHOLAS A., Ssgt. (677) fr MB NAD Dover, NJ to MCRDep PI duns 14th CI Recruiters Scol.
HOBBS, KEITH A., Ssgt. (600) fr MB NB Phila to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
CARTER, ARTHUR B., Ssgt. (821) fr MB NAD Crane, Ind to HqBn HQMC WashDC.
RICKETTS, EVERETT L., Ssgt. (600) fr MB NTC Great Lakes, Ill to MB Lejeune.
KINNEY, HARDY C., JR., Ssgt. (605) MB NAD McAlester, Okla to MB Lejeune.
JOHNSON, JOHNNY F., Ssgt. (600) fr MB NAD McAlester, Okla to MB Lejeune.
ADAMS, DANIEL W., Ssgt. (017) fr MCS Quantico to 1stMarDiv Lejeune.
JOHNSON, WALTER H., Ssgt. (584) fr 1stMarDiv to I-1 15thInBn USMCR Treasure Is, SanFran.
HAGAN, ROBERT N., Ssgt. (600) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to HqBn HQMC WashDC.
KADJA, MIKE P., Tsgt. (735) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to MarCorpsActy as dir by CG DP SanFran.
FITZSIMMONS, RAYMOND F., Tsgt. (615) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to MarCorpsActy as dir by CG DP SanFran.
HALKO, WALTER, Ssgt. (600/137) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to TTU NavPhibBase Coronado Diego.
LANVERMIRE, GEORGE E., Ssgt. (608) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to MB Lejeune.
LUNDY, HERMAN L., Ssgt. (645) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to MCS Quantico.
VALENCIE, RALPH F., Ssgt. (501) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to I-1 15thInBn USMCR Kansas City, Mo.
HARVEY, ROBERT R., Tsgt. (601) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MCRDep PI.
MACNEILL, RICHARD L., Ssgt. (648) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MCS Quantico.
HAYDEN, KENNETH R., Ssgt. (606) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MCRDep PI.
WARD, EVANS M., Ssgt. (604) previous orders fr FMFlant NB NorVa to MB WashDC cancelled.
RHODES, JAY R., Tsgt. (812) previous orders fr 2dMarDiv to MB Wash NGF WashDC cancelled.
STARK, CLIFFORD M., Ssgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to HQMC FTT Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.
SUTHERLAND, MORRIS N., Ssgt. (501) fr MB NAD Crane, Ind to I-1 15thInBn USMCR Burlington, Vt.
PITCHLYNN, JOHN F., Tsgt. (319/256) fr MB Pendleton to MCS Quantico.
MINIUM, DOX W., Ssgt. (747) fr 1stMarDiv to MarCorpsActy as dir by CG DP SanFran.
BROOKS, DONALD G., Ssgt. (511) fr MB NOB Bermuda to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
HOWENY, ROBERT E., Ssgt. (583) fr FMFlant NB NorVa to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
EATON, JASPER C., Ssgt. (812) fr MB NOB Bermuda to MCS Quantico.
READY, JAMES S., Ssgt. (812) fr MB NB Chan to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
CLELAND, DAVID R., Ssgt. (584) fr SRD Dallas, Tex to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
CHEEK, JOHN M., Ssgt. (584) fr 3rd MCRD NY, NY to MB Lejeune.
PICKENS, REGINALD F., Tsgt. (542) fr TTU NavPhibBase Coronado Diego to MB Pendleton duns TPlecCourse.
NIXON, JOSEPH A., Tsgt. (542) fr 14thSigCo USMCR Brooklyn, NY to MB Pendleton duns TPlecCourse.
GRAHAM, JAMES J., Ssgt. (511) fr FMFlant NB NorVa to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
TALLENT, ROBERT W., Ssgt. (274) fr MCRDep Diego to HqBn HQMC WashDC.
JOHNSON, HALL A., Ssgt. (501) fr MAD NATTC NAS Memphis, Tenn to MCAS Cherry Point.
CHESLEY, ERVIN, Tsgt. (649) fr MB NTC Great Lakes, Ill to MB Pendleton.
CROSBY, DONALD W., Tsgt. MB NTC Great Lakes, Ill to MB Pendleton.
FRANTE, DONALD D., Tsgt. (607) fr MCS Quantico to HqBn HQMC WashDC.
GAILEY, JAMES W., Ssgt. (607) fr MCS Quantico to MB Pendleton duns TPlecCourse.

JACOBS, WILBUR F., Ssgt. (273) fr MCAS Quantico to MCAS El Toro.
BUSHWHITE, HENRY V., Ssgt. (911) fr MCAS Quantico to MCAS El Toro.
DROHAN, FRANCIS X., Ssgt. (911) fr MCAS Quantico to MCAS El Toro.
MAHER, JOHN F., Ssgt. (620) fr MCAS Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.
JOINES, ROBERT O., Ssgt. (542) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MCRDep PI.
CHAMPAGNE, WILLIAM P., Ssgt. (747) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
MITCHELL, THOMAS E., Ssgt. (504) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
HOOVER, GEORGE R., Tsgt. (911) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
GENTRY, EDWIN W., Tsgt. (911) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
CHARRON, DANIEL H., Tsgt. (747) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
WINTERS, KENNETH E., Ssgt. (747) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
BOOZIER, GILBERT D., Ssgt. (501) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
WILDMAN, MATTHEW J., Ssgt. (911) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
TRAVIS, WILLIS S., Ssgt. (542) fr MB Pendleton to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
BRADSHAW, FRANK L., Ssgt. (649) fr MB Pendleton to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
BURT, FLOYD R., Tsgt. (646) fr MB Pendleton to MB NTC Great Lakes duns ElectCourse "A".
HART, EDWIN B., Tsgt. (739) fr MB Pendleton to DP SanFran.
KOMJA, JAMES A., Ssgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
HANVILLE, ROBERT R., Ssgt. (878) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
BRAMEL, RAYMOND E., Ssgt. (830) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
CONNETT, JOHN H. JR., Ssgt. (584) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
WILLIS, JAMES R., Tsgt. (608) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
NEUBERN, RICHARD L., Tsgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
MONROE, LEONARD E., Tsgt. (911) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
PEOPLES, BENNIE T., Ssgt. (600) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
STEARNS, BILL D., Ssgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
MARCHIO, GUIDO J., Ssgt. (501) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MB Lejeune duns EnclerCourse SupScollAdm.
HAMERSLEY, DONALD R., Ssgt. (745) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MCS Quantico.
SHELLEY, JAMES V., Ssgt. (999/995) fr HqBn HQMC Wash DC to TTU NavPhibBase Coronado Diego.
GOFF, HAROLD E., Ssgt. (745) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
LISTER, RICHARD H., Tsgt. (812) fr MB NB NY Brooklyn, NY to MCS Quantico.
THOMAS, TOXIE H., Tsgt. (677) fr MB NY Brooklyn, NY to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
SKOWRAN, GEORGE, Tsgt. (677) fr MB NY Brooklyn, NY to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
HULL, HOMER W., Ssgt. (745) fr MB NY Brooklyn, NY to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
GREEN, GEORGE W., Ssgt. (501) fr MB NAF Glynco, Ga to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
KENNEMUR, JOHN N., Ssgt. (584) fr MB NAF Chan to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
BOGUE, DOUGLAS W., Ssgt. (812) fr MB NB Long Beach, Calif to MCRDep PI duns PersAdminCourse.
WOODING, JACK W., Ssgt. (584) fr MD NAOTS Chincoteague, Va to MCS Quantico.
SCHLEF, WILLIAM K., Tsgt. (649) fr TTU NavPhibBase Coronado Diego to MB Pendleton.
BORGES, JOHN, JR., Tsgt. (337) fr MCRDep Diego to TTU NavPhibBase Coronado Diego.
BURNS, ROBERT D., Tsgt. (252) fr MB NAS Pensacola, Fla to MCRDep PI Great Lakes, Ill duns ElectCourse "A".
ALKIRE, SIDNEY H., Tsgt. (640) fr MB NTC Great Lakes, Ill to MB Pendleton.
MOORE, DELBERT D., Tsgt. (812) fr MB NAF Glynco, Ga to MCS Quantico.
HAFFER, FLOYD D., Ssgt. (844) fr MCRDep PI to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
SCHUM, RAYMOND A., Ssgt. (745) fr MCRDep PI to MCS Quantico.
SPENCER, ROBERT O., Ssgt. (630) fr MB NNSYD Ptanh Va to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
HARBISON, LEONARD R., Tsgt. (337) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to TTU NavPhibBase Coronado Diego.
BRUMFIELD, LAMAR E., Ssgt. (815) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to MB Lejeune.
CLONIGER, MERVIN F., Ssgt. (501) fr 2dMarDiv to MB NAF Glynco, Ga.
BALDWIN, JOHN H., Ssgt. (542) fr MB Lejeune to I-1 15th SigCo USMCR Cincinnati, O.
POSEY, WILLIAM H., Ssgt. (639) fr MB Lejeune to MCRDep PI.
LETSON, WILLIAM R., Ssgt. (639) fr MB Lejeune to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
SMITH, OLEN E., Ssgt. (639) fr MB Lejeune to MCS Quantico.
PISKORSKI, ERNEST F., Tsgt. (639) fr MB Lejeune to MB Pendleton.
HALL, OLIVER H., Tsgt. (819) fr MB Lejeune to MCRDep PI.
CRUMLEY, JAMES C., Tsgt. (639) fr MB Lejeune to Barstow Annex Barstow, Calif.
SCHAEFFER, DOUGLAS P., Ssgt. (831) fr MB Lejeune to DQSF.
LOOKABAUGH, CARL V., Ssgt. (735) fr MB Lejeune to DQN.
ALEXANDER, MAURICE H., Tsgt. (878) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
THOMPSON, DOUGLAS, Ssgt. (607) fr MCS Quantico to MCS Barstow, Calif.
PETERS, GERALD C., Tsgt. (639) fr MCS Quantico to I-1 15thSigCo USMCR Cincinnati, O.
COOPER, GLENN M., Ssgt. (632) fr MB NAS Pensacola, Fla to MB Pendleton.
BOND, GEORGE C. JR., Ssgt. (584) fr MB NAF Glynco, Ga to MCRDep PI.
HERRY, FORREST L., Ssgt. (641) fr MCRDep PI to MD NAOTS Chincoteague, Va.
POWERS, DAVID W., Ssgt. (735) fr MCRDep PI to HqBn HQMC WashDC.
SANDIFER, LONNIE R., Ssgt. (584) fr MB NTC Great Lakes, Ill to MCS Quantico.
HEATH, JAMES C., Ssgt. (584) fr MB NTC Great Lakes, Ill to MCS Quantico.

DALY, JOHN G., Ssgt. (501) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MB Pendleton.
MARSACK, LEONARD L., Tsgt. (623) fr MB Pendleton to MB NTC Great Lakes, Ill.
FULLER, ROY, Tsgt. (812) fr MB NAD Hastings, Neb to MCS Quantico.
CARLSON, OSCAR E., Tsgt. (812) fr MB NAD Hastings, Neb to MCS Quantico.
KEA, RUSSELL A., Ssgt. (735) fr MCS Quantico to HqBn HQMC WashDC.
RIGG, ROBERT D., Ssgt. (584) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MCRDep PI.
DOETSCH, MATTHEW A., Tsgt. (890) fr 2dMarDiv to MB NB NorVa.
THOMAS, ERNEST, Ssgt. (735) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MCS Quantico.
HUMPHRIES, HAROLD L., Tsgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Quantico duns Engr&MaintCourse at MCATS.
RIGSBY, ROY E., Ssgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Quantico duns Engr&MaintCourse at MCATS.
BALSAM, STUART S., Tsgt. (684) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Quantico duns Engr&MaintCourse at MCATS.
TRAIN, WALTER J., Tsgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Quantico duns Engr&MaintCourse at MCATS.
RAMONDETTA, DOMINIC L., Ssgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Quantico duns Engr&MaintCourse at MCATS.
SADESKI, ADOLPH G., Ssgt. (747/770) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Quantico duns Engr&MaintCourse at MCATS.
TAYLOR, LOUIS S., Ssgt. (830) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Quantico duns NavSup&c Course.
L'ETTINGER, EARL E., Ssgt. (911) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Quantico duns AvnOrdCourse.
THOMPSON, RICHARD M., Ssgt. (911) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Quantico duns AvnOrdCourse.
FRAIZER, CLIFFORD L., Ssgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Quantico duns Engr&MaintCourse at MCATS.
BEUTLER, FRANK A., Tsgt. (830) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Quantico duns NavSup&c Course.
POTTER, ROBERT E., Ssgt. (821) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Quantico duns NavSup&c Course.
SMITH, GEORGE H., Ssgt. (830) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Quantico duns NavSup&c Course.
VAN OVER, THOMAS C., Tsgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Quantico duns Engr&MaintCourse at MCATS.
ROSS, CALVIN B., Tsgt. (684) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Quantico duns Engr&MaintCourse at MCATS.
FISHER, WALTER F., Tsgt. (893) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Quantico duns Engr&MaintCourse at MCATS.
KRUEGER, HARVEY W., Tsgt. (885/747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Quantico duns Engr&MaintCourse at MCATS.
MOHIN, RAYMOND W., Tsgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Quantico duns Engr&MaintCourse at MCATS.
KERNODLE, JOHN F. JR., (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Quantico duns Engr&MaintCourse at MCATS.
DONNELLY, ROBERT, Ssgt. (821) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Quantico duns NavSup&c Course at MCATS.
WARNER, MICHAEL A., (830) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Quantico duns NavSup&c Course at MCATS.
THAYER, JAMES R., Tsgt. (754) fr MCAS El Toro to MAD NATTC Memphis, Tenn duns USNavScollAvnElectTech.
HUNTER, ROBERT M., Ssgt. (911) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Quantico duns AvnOrdCourse at MCATS.
COMPTON, FLOYD E., Tsgt. (747/770) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS Quantico duns Engr&MaintCourse at MCATS.
COADY, ELMER F., Tsgt. (602/770) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCS Quantico duns Engr&MaintCourse at MCATS.
SMITH, CHARLES E., Tsgt. (830) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Quantico duns NavSup&c Course.
PROSKE, MAX R., Ssgt. (584) fr DP SanFran to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
KLOSE, FREDERICK T., Ssgt. (639) fr MB NBD Scotia, NY to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
REAGAN, FRANK C., Ssgt. (584) fr MB NAD McAlester, Okla to I-1 15thSigCo USMCR Cincinnati, O.
APPELEGATE, BARTON R., Tsgt. (820) fr MB NBD Scotia, NY to MCS Quantico.
LUNDGREN, DARRELL Q., Tsgt. (828) fr MARTC NAS Glenview, Ill to MCAS Quantico duns Engr&MaintCourse at MCATS.
LAW, PHINAS A., Tsgt. (617) fr CHD Chicago, Ill to MCS Quantico.
PIEUSE, WALTER, Tsgt. (747) fr MARTC NAS Glenview, Ill to MCAS Quantico duns Engr&MaintCourse at MCATS.
PICKETT, WILLIAM R., Ssgt. (812) fr MB NAD McAlester, Okla to MCS Quantico.
PETORAK, STEPHEN, Ssgt. (604) fr MB NAD McAlester, Okla to MCS Quantico.
BATTON, JAMES H., Ssgt. (580) fr MB NAD NOIA to MB NAF Chan, WVa.
CURTIS, JACK B., Ssgt. (821) fr MD USR FRANKLIN D ROOSEVELT to MB Lejeune.
GUSTTE, OTTO P., Ssgt. (830) fr MD NAF South Chan to MD NBD Scotia, NY.
MONTREES, DOMONICK W., Ssgt. (747) previous orders from MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro, cancelled.
RYAN, SENEY J., Ssgt. (747/770) fr HqBn HQMC WashDC to MCAS El Toro.
SAWYER, ALVIN E., Tsgt. (812) fr MB NAD NOIA to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
BRITTAIN, REINHARD G., Ssgt. (600) fr MB Wash NGF WashDC to MB Lejeune duns Mess Management Course.
CARRINGTON, RUFUS, Tsgt. (600) fr MB Lejeune to MB Pendleton.
FLOCKNEY, BURCH R., Tsgt. (812) fr MCRDep PI to MD USR ROANOK.
CLOWE, GEORGE E., Ssgt. (812) fr MCRDep PI to MD USR DES MOINES.
ROMANKI, HARRY, Tsgt. (812) previous orders from TTU Little Creek, Va to 2dMarDiv Lejeune, cancelled.
WILLIAMS, HAYWARD G., Ssgt. (812) previous orders fr 2dMarDiv to MCS Quantico cancelled.
GIBBS, JOSEPH J., Ssgt. (501) fr MB NFF Indianhead, Md to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.

TRANSFERS (cont.)

DIETEMAN, FREDERICK J., Tsgt. (374) fr NCRD Phila to MB Lejeune.
 HARPER, CARL R., Tsgt. (639) fr SERD Atlanta, Ga to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
 MATTHEWS, KENNETH H., Tsgt. (820) fr MB NMD Yorktown, Va to MB Lejeune.
 SIFERMAN, MICHAEL A., Tsgt. (812) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MCB Quantico.
 JOHNSON, WALTER H., Ssgt. (745) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to HQ FMFPac.
 MADDOX, HUGH W., Ssgt. (830) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MB WashDC.
 SCHOONMAKER, WILLIAM J., Ssgt. (829) fr MB Lejeune to MB NY Brookl, NY.
 STANLEY, DELEBERT L., Ssgt. (747) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
 SMITH, ARTHUR, Tsgt. (812/868) fr MB Lejeune to HENKENTO, THOMAS, Ssgt. (909) fr MCRDep PI to NJ to HQ FMFPac.
 CARSON, HARRY J., Ssgt. (913) fr MB NAD Earle, 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
 GAROFALO, CARMINA E., Ssgt. (501) fr MB NAD Hingham, Mass to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
 FOX, AMBROSIE P., Tsgt. (812/711) fr MCRDep Diego to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
 CUSHMAN, JOSEPH, Ssgt. (584) fr MB NS Treasurer to SanFran to 1-1 1stEngrCo USMCB Albany, NY.
 STRACHIO, ALVIN, Ssgt. (879/973) fr MAD NATTC NAS Memphis, Tenn to MCAS El Toro.
 KING, JAMES O., Tsgt. (697) fr MB NAD Earle, NJ to MCB Quantico.
 SANDERS, JEROME, Tsgt. (697) fr MB NAD Earle, NJ to MCB Quantico.
 MUNT, DEAN J., Ssgt. (740) MCDN Phila to MCRDep PI.
 SINGER, RANDOLPH A., Ssgt. (805/711) fr MB Mare Is Calif to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
 SPUDICH, JOHN M. III, Ssgt. (617) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to MB NIF Indianhead, Md.
 GRESH, JOHN M., Ssgt. (705) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MB MOUNT OLYMPUS.
 SPRAGUE, HAROLD A., Ssgt. (548) fr MCB Quantico to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
 PARDILLA, RAYMOND M., Ssgt. (809) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to HQ HMC WashDC.
 BLOSS, ARTHUR R., Ssgt. MB Lejeune to USR MOUNT OLYMPUS.
 REIDENBURG, HENRY R., Ssgt. (584) fr MB Lejeune to MB Wash NGF WashDC.
 MAYNOR, ABLEN W., Ssgt. (584) fr MB Pendleton to 1-1 1stEngrCo USMCB Syracuse, NY.
 GUNNEY, JOSEPH, Ssgt. (584) fr MB Pendleton to 1-1 1stEngrCo USMCB Syracuse, NY.
 KARLE, ROBERT H., Ssgt. (605) fr MB Pendleton to USR MOUNT OLYMPUS.
 EVANS, CHARLES E., Ssgt. (505) fr MB Pendleton to MB NIF Indianhead, Md.
 LUDWIG, THOMAS, Tsgt. (998) fr MB Pendleton to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
 JOHANSEN, FRED, Ssgt. (906) fr MB Pendleton to MB Lejeune.
 ROOSEVALL, THEODORE B., Ssgt. (639) fr MB NB Punt to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
 GHOLSON, AMON K., Ssgt. (639) fr MCDN NorVa to 1-1 1stEngrCo USMCB Syracuse, NY.
 MURRAY, RAYMOND N., Jr., Tsgt. (501) fr MB NB Treasurer to SanFran to MB NAD Cham.
 JACOBSON, FRANCIS W., Tsgt. (812) fr MAD NAS Pensacola, Fla to MB Lejeune.
 REID, JOHN F., Ssgt. (745) fr MD NDB NB Ptmh, NH to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
 MORSE, WILLIAM, Ssgt. (745) fr MD NDB NB Ptmh, NH to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
 PAYTON, ORVILLE L., Tsgt. (639) fr MB Lejeune to 1-1 1stEngrCo USMCB Syracuse, NY.
 SANDORN, ROBERT H., Ssgt. (327) fr MB Lejeune to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
 HOFVANG, HAROLD F., Tsgt. (829) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to MB Pendleton.
 BILOW, JACK, Ssgt. (639) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MB NB Ptmh.
 POWERS, ISHMAEL, Tsgt. (812) fr 2dMarDiv to MAD NAS Pensacola, Fla.
 KRAKER, PHILIP, Tsgt. (812) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MAD NAS Pensacola, Fla.
 CAREY, JAMES W., Ssgt. (821) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to 1-1 1stEngrCo USMCB Syracuse, NY.
 FREEMAN, HARRY N., Tsgt. (608) fr MCRDep PI to MB Lejeune duins Mess Management Course.
 GIANAKIS, GEORGE J., Tsgt. (609) fr MCRDep PI to MB Lejeune duins Mess Management Course.
 BARSDALE, ROY, Tsgt. (747/779) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
 EDGINGTON, WILLIAM R., Ssgt. (374) fr MB NTC Great Lakes, Ill to MCB Quantico.
 STANKATIS, ANTHONY, Ssgt. (274) fr MB NTC Great Lakes, Ill to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
 BOWMAN, ROBERT C., Tsgt. (632) fr HQ HMC WashDC to MCAS Cherry Point, NC.
 VIOLETTE, FERNAND, Tsgt. (501) fr HQ HMC WashDC to MB NDB NB Ptmh, NH.
 LOBBIE, JOHN, JR., Ssgt. (745) fr MD NDB NB Ptmh, NH to HQ HMC WashDC.
 POWELL, OSCAR A., Ssgt. (584) fr FMFPac to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
 BERRY, EDWARD L., Tsgt. (829) fr MCRDep Diego to MB NDB Kodiak, Alaska.
 DELLINGER, LANDER H., Tsgt. (629) fr HQ HMC WashDC to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
 STUMPFINER, JOSEPH A., Tsgt. (344) fr HQ HMC WashDC to MCB Quantico.
 WILLIAMS, RAY H., Ssgt. (609) fr MB 15thNavDis Balboa, CA to MB Lejeune.
 ILL, ELMER E., Ssgt. (274) fr MB NTC Great Lakes, Ill to CDD Chicago, Ill.
 CARTER, JOHN W., Ssgt. (745) fr MB NNSyD Ptmh, Va to USR PHILIPPINE SEA.
 HARVEY, LEONARD B., Ssgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
 KREKMAN, ANTHONY, Ssgt. (609) fr MCB Quantico to MB Lejeune.
 COWARD, JOHN L., Tsgt. (501) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MB NB NorVa.
 TAYLOR, PHILLIP J., Ssgt. (501) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MD USR PHILIPPINE SEA.
 EBY, RICHARD L., Ssgt. (735) fr MB Lejeune to DQRF.
 BAXLEY, JAMES O., Ssgt. (542) MCB Quantico to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.

MOORE, PAUL E., Tsgt. (609) fr MCB Quantico to 1-1 1stEngrCo USMCB Syracuse, NY.
 REWINSKI, STANLEY, Tsgt. (812) fr MARC Glenview, Ill to FMPLant NB NorVa.
 RATCLIFF, RUFUS H., Tsgt. (608) fr MARC Glenview, Ill to FMPLant NB NorVa.
 HARRIS, JAMES R., Ssgt. (747/779) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
 SCHOLL, KARL J. W., Ssgt. (584) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
 ALEXANDER, FORREST G., Tsgt. (684) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
 DIETZ, LAVERNE E., Tsgt. (747) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
 WOODS, WILLIE M., Tsgt. (608) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
 THOMAS, LEWIS R., Ssgt. (608) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
 BUTLER, ERNEST W., Ssgt. (607) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MARC Glenview, Ill.
 COLE, JOHN P., Tsgt. (607) fr FMPLant NB NorVa to MCAS Cherry Point.
 CHADDOCK, KENNETH, Tsgt. (608) fr MCAS Quantico to MCB Quantico.
 BOYARD, PAUL E., Ssgt. (564) MCAS Quantico to HQ HMC WashDC.
 AUSTIN, JOHN H., Tsgt. (607) fr HQ HMC WashDC to MARC Glenview, Ill.
 FLYNN, JAMES A., Ssgt. (607) previous orders from HQ HMC WashDC to MB Wash NGF WashDC, cancelled.
 PERRY, HERBERT M., Ssgt. (813) fr HQ HMC WashDC to MB Lejeune.
 DOHERTY, JOHN P., Tsgt. (501) fr HQ HMC WashDC to MARC Glenview, Ill.
 SARTORIUS, CLAUDE "X", Ssgt. (584) fr 2dMCRD NT, NY to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
 FRITCHETT, ROBERT E., Tsgt. (428) fr MCAS El Toro to MB Wash NGF WashDC duins NavSecMusic.
 KROEGER, ALFRED E., Tsgt. (607) fr MB NB Fowler, MO to HQ FMFPac.
 FOWLER, ROSELA L., Ssgt. (581) fr MCDN SanFran to MB Pendleton.
 O'BANNON, OTIS, Tsgt. (607) fr MCB Quantico to MCAS Quantico.
 MINNIKAR, JACOB D., Ssgt. (747) fr MCAS Quantico to MCAS El Toro.
 McDEVITT, HOMER J., Tsgt. (847) fr MCAS Quantico to MCAS El Toro.
 EVANS, ERNEST E., Tsgt. (501) fr MCAS Quantico to MCAS El Toro.
 GIBBA, JOHN, Tsgt. (636) fr MCAS Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.
 RULLIVAN, THOMAS, Ssgt. (552) fr MCAS Quantico to MCAS Cherry Point.
 UPTMORE, EUGENE V., Ssgt. (501) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS Quantico.
 LAWSON, JOHN H., Tsgt. (629) fr MCAS El Toro to REYNOLDS, EDDIE F., Ssgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
 CALDWELL, THOMAS W., Ssgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
 CHARLES, SAMUEL M., Ssgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
 HENDERSON, JAMES T., Ssgt. (584) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
 GLOSHEN, JOHN R., Ssgt. (813) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
 MAROHN, HOWARD E. K., Ssgt. (813) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
 HOPKINS, ROY A., Tsgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
 TANNER, CLIFFORD A., Tsgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
 MITCHELL, LEONARD, Tsgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
 BROWNING, CHARLIE R., Tsgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
 COOPER, JAMES H., Jr., Ssgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
 CARTER, LESLIE W., Ssgt. (917) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
 COOK, HAROLD L., Ssgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
 RAMIREZ, GEORGE F., Ssgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
 BYRNE, LAWRENCE M., Ssgt. (747) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
 HANSON, DONALD M., Ssgt. (826) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
 GIBSON, CHARLES R., Ssgt. (873) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
 McKNOLLY, NORMAN E., Ssgt. (584) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
 YOUNG, HAROLD D., Ssgt. (747) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
 FRITZ, FLORIAN H., Ssgt. (747) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
 KNOX, VERNON W., Ssgt. (684) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
 GRADUS, ANDREW P., Ssgt. (617) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
 HOWARD, ARTHUR R., Ssgt. (400) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
 GARNER, RAYMOND L., Ssgt. (911) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCB Quantico.
 LIVESAY, IVAN M., Ssgt. (535) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS Quantico.
 FULLER, LESLIE, Ssgt. (542) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MB Pendleton.
 CARBER, SAMUEL E., Ssgt. (542) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MB Pendleton.
 TOLSON, DAVID C., Ssgt. (501/379) fr MCRDep PI to MB Lejeune.
 OLESAK, ANDREW M., Tsgt. (620) fr MB Wash NGF WashDC to 2dMarDiv Pendleton.
 FRITCHETT, ROBERT E., Tsgt. (428) previous orders from MCAS El Toro to 1stMarDiv Pendleton cancelled.
 COLLEY, JAMES R., Ssgt. (628) fr HQ HMC WashDC to MB Pendleton.
 ROBERTS, EDWARD H., Ssgt. (584) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to 1-1 1stEngrCo USMCB Syracuse, NY.
 HANSEN, ELMER R., Ssgt. (501) fr MB WashDC to MCRDep PI duins PersAdminCourse.
 ROOT, ROLAND F., Ssgt. (584) fr 9th MCRD Chicago, Ill to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
 CREWS, MAJOR O., Ssgt. (747/779) fr MCAS Cherry Point to MCAS El Toro.
 RAFFERTY, WILLIAM F., Tsgt. (400) fr HQ HMC WashDC to DQF SanFran.
 WELSH, CHARLES R., Ssgt. (400) fr HQ HMC WashDC to MCAS El Toro.
 FEATHERLY, GEORGE L., Ssgt. (819) fr HQ HMC WashDC to MCB Quantico.
 GASS, ROBERT F., Ssgt. (826) fr HQ HMC WashDC to MB NB Phila.

WALKER, LLOYD W., Ssgt. (639) fr MCRDep PI to DQN.
 BARR, WILLIAM C., Ssgt. (747) fr MCB Quantico to MCB Quantico.
 PEACE, CARL W., Tsgt. (609) fr HQ HMC WashDC to MB NAD Crane, Ind.
 CLEMENTS, CLYDE V., (344) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
 RAINY, JOSEPH L., Ssgt. (581) fr MCB Quantico to DQF.
 BUSH, EDWARD B., Ssgt. (813) fr 1stProcCableGrp Barrow Annex Barrow, Calif. to MB Lejeune.
 MENCKNER, ERIC M., Ssgt. (584) fr MB Lejeune to MB NNSyD Ptmh for assign to Sealco.
 STAUFF, HAROLD S., Ssgt. (812) fr MB NB New York, RI to MCB Quantico.
 WOOLBRIGHT, ROBERT R., Jr., Ssgt. (878/779) fr MCB Quantico to MCAS Quantico.
 BOYD, ROBERT C., Tsgt. (581) fr MB Lejeune to Barrow Annex Barrow, Calif.
 McCLUCKY, HERBERT E., Tsgt. (501) fr MCAS El Toro to MB NTC Great Lakes, Ill.
 GARRIN, WILLIAM H., Jr., Tsgt. (580) fr HQ HMC WashDC to MCRDep PI.
 GREEN, ALFRED L., Tsgt. (609) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to MCRDep Diego.
 LEWIS, HASKELL R., Ssgt. (813) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MCB Quantico.
 BETTS, CHARLES L., Ssgt. (581) fr MB 15thNavDis Balboa, CA to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
 De FLIPI, DOMINIC, Ssgt. (745) fr MD NDB NB Ptmh, NH to MB NNSyD Ptmh, Va for assign to Sealco.
 OWENS, EDWARD C., Ssgt. (614) fr MB Lejeune to MCB Quantico.
 TATE, JAMES D., Ssgt. (815) fr MB Pendleton to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
 RONEY, THOMAS E., Tsgt. (845) fr SRD Dallas, Tex to MCB Quantico.
 SANDLER, LESTER, Ssgt. (501) fr MB NDB Scotia, NY to USR FARGO.
 MORTENSEN, STANLEY W., Ssgt. (815) fr NROTC Unit of Calif Berkeley Calif to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
 CLARK, RUSSELL P., Ssgt. (306) fr NROTC Unit Oregon State College to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
 MASON, ORNE L., Ssgt. (635) fr NROTC Unit of N Mex to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
 BELL, HERMAN J., Tsgt. (913) fr NROTC unit of Wisconsin to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
 HENDERSON, "R" "R" Tsgt. (609) fr NROTC Unit Iowa State College of AAM to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
 JORDAN, JAMES L., Tsgt. (845) fr NROTC Unit Tulane Univ New Orleans, La to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
 AILSWORTH, OTIS M., Tsgt. (845) fr NROTC Unit of Virginia to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
 BUGG, JOHN S., Jr., Ssgt. (745) fr MB 15thNavDis Balboa Canal Zone to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
 PINTER, ELIZABETH, Ssgt. (501) fr HQ HMC WashDC to MB WashDC.
 YOUNG, WILLIAM H., Tsgt. (677) fr MB Lejeune to HQ FMFPac.
 NAGY, JOSEPH A., Tsgt. (381) fr HQ HMC WashDC to DQ SanFran.
 PATTERSON, RONALD C., Tsgt. (892/747) fr MCAS El Toro to MB WashDC.
 WATKINS, CHALMER W., Ssgt. (542) fr MCB Quantico to MB Pendleton duins Tpklec-Course.
 GERLACH, CARL H., Ssgt. (511) fr 12th Amph-TracBn USMCB Treasure Is SanFran to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
 ODELL, FREDERICK L., Ssgt. (639) fr 3d 155mm-HowBn NAS Dallas Tex to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
 GROSSI, HENRY J., Ssgt. (639) fr 3rd MCRD WashDC to MB NY Brookl, NY.
 TOMKE, STEPHEN J., Ssgt. (630) fr MB NB Brookl, NY to 1-1 1stEngrBn Fort McHenry Baltimore Md.
 BURGESS, VICTOR E., Jr., Ssgt. (584) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to DQF.
 RUTHERFORD, JOHN W., Tsgt. (812) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to HQ HMC WashDC.
 SMITH, JAMES, Tsgt. (812) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to HQ HMC WashDC.
 KRATCOSKI, JOSEPH P., Ssgt. (812) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to HQ HMC WashDC.
 LANDRY, JOSEPH Z., Ssgt. (584) fr HQ HMC WashDC to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
 HARDEMAN, JOSEPH F., Tsgt. (609) fr MB NAS Jacksonville Fla to MCB Quantico.
 BOMEL, JOSEPH, Tsgt. (580) fr 2dMarDiv Lejeune to MB NS Sealco WashDC.
 BECKER, RAYMOND H., Tsgt. (511) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to 1-1 1stEngrBn USMCB Treasure Is SanFran.
 ELLIOT, THOMAS W., Ssgt. (812) fr 1stMarDiv Pendleton to HQ HMC WashDC.
 ALLEN, STANLEY G., Tsgt. (609) fr MB NAS Moffett Field Calif to 1stMarDiv Pendleton.
 BRAATTEN, ERLING R., Tsgt. fr MD NDB: Mare Island Calif to 1-1 Co "C" 4thInfBn USMCB Brookl, Ill.
 SCHLEGEL, LEE R., Tsgt. (812) fr MCRDep PI to HQ HMC WashDC.
 CORBISHLEY, GEORGE K., Ssgt. (917-C) fr MCB Quantico to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
 HODGE, ROBERT R., Ssgt. (745) fr MCRDep PI to 2dMarDiv Lejeune.
 KNAPP, CHARLES W., Ssgt. (745) fr MB NDB New Leon to HQ HMC WashDC.
 SANDERS, HOWELL P., Ssgt. (745) fr MB NDB New Leon to HQ HMC WashDC.
 SWAYNE, ROBERT W., Ssgt. (745) fr MB NB Phila to HQ HMC WashDC.
 CHRISHINGER, EDWARD L., Ssgt. (584) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
 DAVIS, CHARLES E., Ssgt. (528) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
 OKONEK, MARK V., Ssgt. (609) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
 DEARING, MAURICE K., Ssgt. (822) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
 SEXTON, HAROLD E., Ssgt. (813) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
 PARTRIDGE, GEORGE R., Ssgt. (813) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
 ROSS, JOHN L., Ssgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
 DODD, HARRISON L., Ssgt. (620) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
 DANIEL, JAMES L., Ssgt. (677) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
 ALBRIGHT, CARL W., Tsgt. (973) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
 BRENT, JOHN W., Tsgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.
 STOKOE, LLOYD G. H., Tsgt. (747) fr MCAS El Toro to MCAS Cherry Point.

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THE NATURAL TOUCH

[continued from page 22]

I'd like to get my hands on the guy that's responsible for Lambert, I thought. That was it! Who was responsible?

A few minutes later I had found the guardian of the place who told me that maybe the island representative, Mr. Perkins, wasn't exactly Lambert's boss, but that he had gotten him the job and could just as well get someone else anytime he wanted. He also said where this guy Perkins lived.

At 2030 that night, I walked into the bar of the Club. The old man was sitting there and looked like he had eaten his last supper which hadn't agreed with him. Seeing me didn't help matters much.

"Thought I told you to stay with Suzy. Can't even follow a simple order, eh?"

"I have followed orders, Sir. If the colonel will step outside, he will see that I have."

Without answering me, he headed for the door. Once out to the jeep, Suzy jumped out to meet him.

"My God, son, did you kidnap her?"

I handed him a sheet of paper which he read half out loud in front of the headlights. "This is to state that one German Shepherd Police dog of mature growth and stature answering to the name of 'Suzy', and owned by Lieutenant Colonel T. F. P. Mullaney, USMC, has been observed and examined, and found free of rabies in accordance with, and meeting the specifications of, Territorial Act Number 3903, Territory of Hawaii. Signed by Clark M. Lambert, Inspector of Health, Island of Hawaii, Territory of Hawaii."

"My God, Mitch, this is wonderful! Come with me!"

We went back inside the building. Once seated at the bar, the old man demanded that I tell him the whole story.

"Well, you see, Sir, this Senator Perkins is the big wheel on the island. So I figured maybe I could talk him into a delay of a few days so that Suzy wouldn't have to be . . . you know, Sir." He nodded dramatic like, and I went on.

"So I shoved off to this guy's quarters. He's a politician and seemed like a pretty good Joe, so I gave him all the scoop. Well, he said he liked the Marines—he has a kid who's a corporal in the Corps—and all that, but this was one thing he had nothing to say about. Seems as though they're awfully rough on deals like this. Well, that was that. I thanked him and started to

shove off but he wanted to talk about the Corps awhile. We got to shooting the breeze and it turns out that his kid was in the First on the 'Canal. Well, he finds out that I got the Silver Star and, after twisting my arm, he forced me to tell him about it—it was the night that I got hold of a couple of trucks full of ammo we needed bad. After he heard that, he went over to his desk, fished around through some letters and finally found one which he read to me. It was from his kid and told about that night's battle and the ammo and everything."

The old man was practically sitting on the edge of the bar stool as I stopped and took a little refreshment.

"That made it easy from then on out. You know how politicians are, Sir. He said a lot of stuff and then said, 'And any friend of mine was a friend of his,' so I told him that Suzy was a damn good friend of mine, and that made her a good friend of his, and a guy would be a poor friend to let his friend go to the gas chamber just on account of a little regulation. Well, I had him there, and the next thing I knew he had dashed off a short note and told me to give it to Lambert. And that was it, Sir."

After thanking me several more times over a couple of more drinks, the old man fixed me up with a sack for the night. I was to report to his office when I got up.

Things happened pretty fast in the next couple of days. The old man told me that he didn't like the way I looked and suggested that malaria might be coming out again. The Division Surgeon, after talking with the colonel, thought so too, and that's how the orders back to the States got written. Then the colonel gave me a couple of letters to some brass which he said would mean Washington duty and another stripe after the hospital was finished with me.

I don't have to tell you how this frosted Beastly. But I didn't hold any grudges. In fact, I gave him a chance, just before I left, to get some of his Canal losses back. His luck was bad, though, and he dropped a few more rocks to me.

When I hit the coast, there was a letter waiting for me. It was from Beastly. I hope we don't meet again for awhile since he threatened all sorts of things when he sees me the next time.

Then, too, I mailed him the cubes he didn't know we had used in the game. They're only ordinary dice, but I figured he deserved a break so before I packed them, I gave them the old touch. He can roll them anyway he wants to now, and they'll come up a natural every time.

END

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 3]

NEGRO MASTER SERGEANTS

Sir:

Some buddies and I have been arguing about the number of Negro master sergeants there are in the Corps. And how many officers are there in the Marine Corps and how many Negro troops?

Pfc. Johnnie Lee Nesmith
FMF Guam, M. I.

● Latest reports show 14 master sergeants, 26 technical sergeants, 67 staff sergeants and 153 sergeants of the Negro race serving in the Corps. Presently there are 1522 Negroes in the Corps, but no officers of that race since Lieutenant John Rudder resigned his commission some months ago.—Ed.



PARAMARINES AGAIN

Sir:

There is an argument among a group of ex-Marines in this regiment pertaining to whether or not the Para-Marines ever made a combat jump in the Pacific Theatre of Operations as a combat organization. Any other additional information you may give concerning the jumps of Para-Marines will be greatly appreciated. One ex-Marine states that a jump was made at Tulagi when the invasion was taking place on Guadalcanal.

I state that the Marines never made a combat jump in the Pacific Theatre of Operations. Who is correct?

Cpl. John R. Holland (former USMC)

82nd Airborne Division
Fort Bragg, N. C.

● As we have stated previously in this column, the Para-Marines never made a combat jump in the Pacific Theatre of Operations. In reference to the Tulagi affair, your friend was probably confused by the fact that Para-Marines did participate in that operation. They operated as ordinary foot-slogging Marines there. Later, the Para-Marines were disbanded and most of them were absorbed by Marine infantry regiments although some of them became parachute riggers with Marine aviation units. There have been several reports of Marines attached to OSS units during World War II parachuting into the occupied countries of Europe.—Ed.

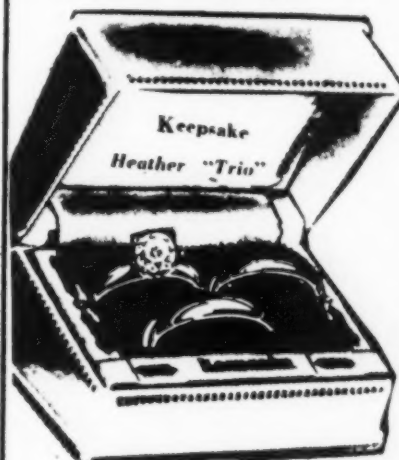
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 57)

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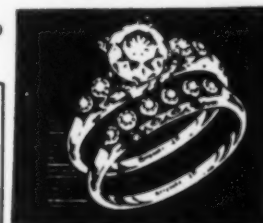
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CLASSIFICATION REVISED

[continued from page 33]

and all MOSs in the same Occupational Field will have the same initial two digits. For instance, a mortar gunner will be coded as 0331, and anti-tank chief will be coded as 0349. Examining these codes we see that the first two digits are 03 in both cases, and therefore, they are both in the same Occupational Field—in this case infantry.

There will be Occupational Fields covering the major types of activities in the Marine Corps. The MOS Manual will contain diagrams of each Occupational Field showing the relationships between the jobs in an Occupational Field and the channels of promotion between these jobs. These diagrams will be of help to the Marine who wishes to know the channels he must follow, and what jobs he must know in order to progress to the first pay grade and to warrant rank.

Everyone's MOS Promotable

Under the new system, everyone's MOS will be "promotable." Instead of the present "unpromotable" SSNS, there will be certain MOSs which will be used to describe special jobs, and which can be assigned as secondary MOSs, but which cannot be assigned as primary MOSs to regular personnel. Examples of such MOSs are Guard and Drill Instructor.

Each Occupational Field has a Basic MOS which extends over the 6th and 7th pay grades. This Basic MOS is essentially the apprentice level in the particular Occupational Field, and will be assigned at the conclusion of recruit training. While assigned the basic MOS, the private will attempt to qualify as a specialist at the corporal level.

Standardized Promotion Tests

Provisions are made for retraining and reclassifying individuals in order to meet the changing needs of the Marine Corps. In administering the program, however, changes in MOSs from one Occupational Field to another will be kept at a minimum.

Promotion procedures have been revised to allow greater equality of opportunity for advancement. All promotions to noncommissioned officer rates are to be strictly competitive, with all Marines competing with all others of the same grade in the Marine Corps, within their Occupational Field, for available promotions to the next higher grade. Standardized promotion tests,

which will be prepared and graded at Marine Corps Schools, Quantico, Va., but which will be administered by local noncommissioned officer promotion boards, will be used to measure the professional knowledge of Marines whose time in grade makes them eligible for promotion. As in the past, personnel in a disciplinary status will not be eligible for promotion, regardless of time in grade.

Approximately Two Tests Yearly

Two written tests will be given to each Marine when he becomes eligible. General military knowledge required of all NCOs will be measured by a General Military Subjects Test (GMST). Regardless of their specialty, all candidates for promotion to a given rank on any one test day will take the same GMST. Tests will be progressively more difficult and of broader scope with increasing rank. Technical knowledge of each particular field of specialization will be measured by technical tests, geared to the Occupational Field and MOS of the individual. These will also be more difficult and of broader scope as rank increases.



The tests will be given approximately every six months, and notice of the dates of the tests will be announced about three months in advance. The tests will be taken simultaneously throughout the Marine Corps. They will be forwarded to Quantico for grading, and the names of all Marines attaining a passing score will be announced in Marine Corps routine orders.

At this point the procedure for selecting Marines for promotion to the staff NCO ranks diverges somewhat from the selection of privates first class and corporals. Promotions to staff sergeant and above will be authorized by name

by Headquarters. Their selection will be based upon tests scores and information contained in their official records. Eligible privates first class and corporals will receive further processing by local NCO promotion boards.

Local Boards Compute Scores

The local boards will be instructed to compute "composite scores" for privates first class and corporals who have made passing scores on their promotion tests. These composite scores will be computed by means of a formula, uniform throughout the Marine Corps, which will give specified weight to such elements as tests scores, time in grade, total time in service, past performance of duty, etc., and the final composite scores will be expressed as a number. Regardless of where a Marine is serving or whether he has been transferred since he took his promotion tests, his composite scores should come out the same. In order to fill vacancies which exist in overall Marine Corps strength in the various grades, Headquarters will announce "cutting scores" for each rank in each field of specialization. The announcement of these cutting scores will automatically authorize the promotion of every Marine whose composite score is equal to or above the cutting score for his grade in his field.

Promotions Must Be OK'd By CO

But the end is not yet! One more hurdle remains. Every promotion authorized, whether to corporal or master sergeant, is subject to the approval of the Marine's commanding officer. In order to prevent the promotion of any Marine whose leadership, personality, and moral character does not meet the requirements of the higher rank, commanding officers will be authorized to withhold promotions of Marines under their command, and their decision is to be absolutely final. However, such withholding of a promotion will not jeopardize the Marine's chances for promotion at the next promotion period, and having once passed his promotion tests he will not be required to take them again unless he is subsequently reduced in rank.

Greater Rate Opportunities

Perhaps all of the "bugs" in personnel management in the Marine Corps have not been eliminated. However, the new classification and promotion procedures should go a long way toward giving each Marine maximum opportunity to get into the kind of work for which he is most suited and in which he will have the greatest promotional opportunities.

END

SOUND OFF

[continued from page 55]

STABBED!

Sir:

In 1942 when I joined the Corps you had a magazine the same size as what you now call the "Big Leatherneck." You then came out with a really super magazine which topped them both in size and quality. When I subscribed last year you still had the latter, but about one issue later you cut down to what I'd call a poor substitute. I like sports, but it is my opinion that you overdo it. Why don't you say more about the exploits of the Fighting Marines?

Douglas A. White
Bountiful, Utah.

• We try to please all of our subscribers but realize the near-impossibility of the task. Comments from our readers are always welcome.

INSURANCE REFUNDS

Sir:

There was something over the radio three or four months ago about former servicemen getting a refund of the money they had put into service life insurance.

Can you tell me what percentage we will get back and just when we will receive it?

Sincerely yours,

Lester Landon

Concord, N. H.

• Sorry, but we can't tell you anything definite. According to the dope we have, the Veterans Administration will refund some of your war-time insurance deductions but just what the percentage will be and when payments will be made is a matter for conjecture. The VA will try to start paying by the end of this year or the first of next.—Ed.

SENIORITY IN 1937

Sir:

Would you please send me the names of the first five men whose names headed the seniority list for first sergeant back in January, 1937.

Martin Brocker

San Francisco, Calif.

• That was back in the days when the first sergeant was a five-striper. The requested names and dates of their rank are: (1) Homer C. Stroud, June 19, 1919; (2) Nolan Tillman, July 24, 1919; (3) Dennis W. Green, November 17, 1919; (4) Boyd B. Kindig, December 1, 1919; (5) Albert J. Goble, December 9, 1919.—Ed.

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CINDER PATH RESULTS

[continued from page 40]

The 440-yard relay, strictly a sprinter's affair, saw Quantico wrap it up in 0:45.1, with the favored El Toro a close second. The Quantico team was made up of Kenworthy, Johnson, Steinker and Cuff.

The last running event of the day was the traditional curtain-dropper, the one-mile relay. The thin-clads of Quantico also romped off with this one in 3:38.9. The Quartette of Molineux, Florio, Carey and "dat debbil" Cuff proved too much for the rest of the field. Although they finished and tried to make a race of it, El Toro was officially disqualified at the end of the first leg when they crossed over into another lane while passing their baton.

The meet officials headed by the director, Quantico's Major G. F. Russell, and referee J. Kip Edwards of the District of Columbia AAU, should be congratulated for an excellently conducted meet. For the second year in a row it went off with clock-like precision. At one point a ten-minute intermission had to be called in order to allow the meet to catch up with the officials. That is something almost unheard of in track and field meets.

The only vital element missing was about 200-yards of good, sticky, blue-gumbo clay to mix with the cinders for that binding quality absolutely necessary for a fairly hard, fast track.

Ben Ogden, Temple University's track coach, had his new starting gate for sprinters and the fact that there weren't any false starts indicates its successful operation.

There were about twice as many con-

testants present as there were last year, and now that the sport is becoming firmly entrenched in the various organizations, let's hope for over 200 starters next year.

Here is a summary of the meet:

120-YD. HIGH HURDLES. 1st: Hollingsworth, Quantico; 2nd: Perry, El Toro; 3rd: Harrison, Camp Pendleton; 4th: Tie: Kruis, Camp Pendleton, and Moore, Quantico; Time: 0:15.3 (New Marine Corps Record)

2-MILE RUN. 1st: Hart, Quantico; 2nd: Celli, El Toro; 3rd: Kroll, Quantico; 4th: Valpando, El Toro; Time: 10:21.6 (New Marine Corps Record)

HIGH JUMP. 1st Unger (MCRD-San Diego) 2nd: Tie: Hollingsworth, Quantico; Waldrop, Quantico; Davidson, Camp Lejeune; Height: 5 feet 11½ inches (New Marine Corps Record)

BROAD JUMP. 1st: Hollingsworth, Quantico; 2nd: Unger, MCRD-San Diego; 3rd: Lehman, Camp Pendleton; 4th: Kirkwood, Camp Pendleton; Distance: 23 feet 3½ inches (New Marine Corps Record)

SHOT PUT. 1st: Bare, Camp Lejeune; 2nd: Schargus, Quantico; 3rd: Ryffel, Dept of Pac; 4th: Hayer, Quantico; Distance: 43 feet 11½ inches (New Marine Corps Record)

MIDDLE DISTANCE MEDLEY RELAY. 1st: El Toro, Scoggins, Amos, Strain, Threadgill; 2nd: Camp Pendleton; 3rd: Guantanamo Bay; 4th: Camp Pendleton; Time: 8 minutes 23.3 seconds (New event, no previous Marine Corps Record)

(Quantico won this race but was disqualified at their own request because of the inadvertent use of three officers in their team composition. *Rules state: "Not more than 50 per cent officer makeup")

440-YD. RELAY. 1st: Kenworthy, Johnson, Steinker, Cuff, Quantico; 2nd: El Toro; 3rd: Camp Lejeune; 4th: Camp Pendleton; Time: 0:45.1 (New Marine Corps Record)

100-YD. DASH. 1st: Jamison, El Toro; 2nd: Steinker, Quantico; 3rd: Kenworthy, Quantico; 4th: Johnson, Quantico; Time: 0:10.0 (New Marine Corps Record)

ONE-MILE RUN. 1st: Hart, Quantico; 2nd: Kroll, Quantico; 3rd: Knuppel, Camp Pendleton; 4th: Tackett, MCRD-San



Pfc Joseph Unger, Jr., MCRD-San Diego, getting it over 5-feet, 11½-inches to upset a big favored field and set a new up-and-over Marine Corps record



Harry Bare, Camp Lejeune, broke into the winner's circle by taking shot-put

Diego: Time: 4:40.4 (New Marine Corps Record)

440-YD. RUN. 1st: Strain, El Toro: Florio, Quantico: 3rd: Thomas, Fort Mifflin: 4th: Mechler, El Toro: Time: 0:52.4: (F. Cuff, Quantico, won the race but was disqualified for toulung Mechler on the "far turn.")

ONE-MILE RELAY. 1st: Quantico, Molineux, Florio, Carey, Cuff: 2nd: Camp Pendleton: 3rd: Balboa, C.Z.: Time: 3:38.9: (New Marine Corps Meet record). (El Toro was disqualified while passing baton during second leg; they crossed into 2nd lane.)

880-YD. RUN. 1st: Hart, Quantico: 2nd: Hanewell, Cherry Point: 3rd: Scoggin, El Toro: 4th: Lima, El Toro: Time: 2:06: (New Marine Corps Record)

220-YD. DASH. 1st: Jamison, El Toro: 2nd: Kenworthy, Quantico: 3rd: Batterton, MCR-San Diego: 4th: Carmichael, El Toro: Time: 0:22.2: (New Marine Corps Record)

220-YD. LOW HURDLES. 1st: Perry, El Toro: 2nd: Lehman, Camp Pendleton: 3rd: Moore, Quantico: 4th: Penhall, El Toro: Time: 0:25.2: (New Marine Corps Record)

JAVELIN THROW. 1st: Erickson, Cherry Point: 2nd: York, MB, Pearl Harbor: 3rd: Rudix, Quantico: 4th: Grey, Quantico: Distance: 174 feet 6 inches.

SPRINT MEDLEY RELAY. 1st: Quantico, Cuff, Johnson, Steinker, Carey: 2nd: Camp Lejeune: 3rd: El Toro: 4th: Guantanamo Bay: Time: 3:55.6: (New event, no previous record)

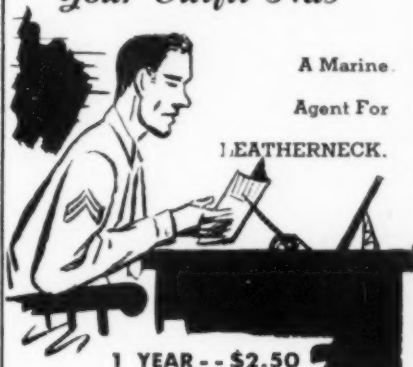
DISCUS THROW. 1st: Schargus, Quantico: 2nd: McLeod, El Toro: 3rd: Walczak, Cherry Point: 4th: Ryffel, West Recruit Division: Distance: 141 feet, 1 1/2 inches (No previous record, as last year the lighter weight discus was used. It was a new field record, however)

POLE VAULT. 1st: Tie — Gerd, El Toro: Hollingsworth, Quantico: 3rd: Tie — Duncan, Quantico: Bridges, El Toro: Lanagan, MB, Washington, D.C.: Height: 11 feet, 6 inches.

END

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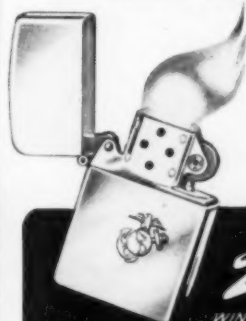
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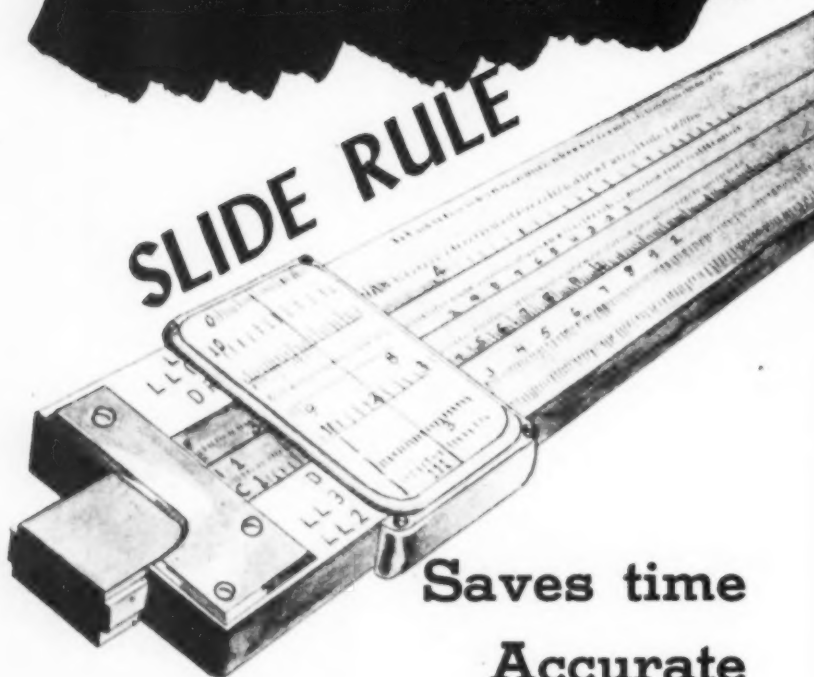


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Leave my post only when properly relieved—
Leave my post only when properly relieved"

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SOUND OFF

[continued from page 57]

RADIO BROADCASTING

Sirs:

I am enrolled in a course of Radio Broadcasting, my second year. I have been thoroughly schooled in all facets of Radio Broadcasting, such as, writing spot announcements and commercials, announcing, operating control board, music appreciation, voice and diction and special programs. . . . I have had some practical experience, too.

My cruise will be up in March, 1950, and I would re-enlist providing I could do this type of work in the Marine Corps. Is there any such activity? Any information you can furnish me would be appreciated.

TSgt. Thomas A. DeCastro
Philadelphia, Pa.

● Division of Public Information, HQMC, informs us that there are many billets available in the Marine Corps for personnel with radio experience. Men with writing and announcing experience are particularly needed for Public Information Sections at all major posts and stations and FMF units. Additional billets are occasionally available in the Recruiting Service and at Headquarters Marine Corps. A letter to the Commandant of the Marine Corps, via your commanding officer will bring prompt consideration, based on your qualifications, vacancies, and whether you can be replaced on your present assignment.—Ed.



RHIP—?

Sir:

Several years ago I used to hear the term RHIP used quite a bit. But was never interested enough to find out just what it meant. A few days ago my young son was reading some of my old magazines and came across the word in print. His curiosity was aroused and he came to me for an explanation—which I couldn't give.

This may seem like a stupid question, but I would like for you to explain the word for both myself and my son.

Name withheld

Peoria, Ill.

● No question is stupid in the quest for information. We had to look it up ourself. It means "Rank Has Its Privileges."—Ed.

SAIPAN

SAIPAN! SAIPAN! North in The Marianas.

Sepia soft in the lazy light
Crouching green in your jungled might.
Razor reefs where the blue turns white
Look to your guns this morning.
Eyes that slant in an evil stare
At the blue, fair water and fair blue air
At the floating guns of America there
Stark and dark in the morning.

Bronzed young bodies whose waists are slim
Taut young bodies whose eyes are grim
Afar as the slanting eyes can rim
America's men and guns.
Their "Sunken" Fleet is riding down
To Charon Konoa and Garapan Town
And the guns stare down with a blood red frown
At Saipan in the morning.

SAIPAN! SAIPAN! Queen of the Marianas.

Look not out in the blue for aid
Look to your priming, gun, and blade
Your Fleet's away, afar, afraid
They will not come this morning
They will not come,
They dare not come,
Nor on another morning.

Guns with a thousand blazing eyes;
Men of America, death in their guise.
Planes of America; Hawks to rise
And hunt your skies in the morning
In dappled brown and green they pour
MARINES! You've heard of "The Corps" before.

These lean, tough men of a lean tough Corps,
You'll hear again this morning.

SAIPAN! SAIPAN! Pride of The Marianas.

All that Science can do and skill,
Willed by Men of unyielding will;
Are at your shore for the crimson kill;
Are at your shore this morning.
Maddening noise and the red guns feast

Flesh and coral in bloody yeast
PEARL HARBOR—Strong and Proud to the East

Of Saipan Isle this morning.

—Major Charles T. Langan
(died Oct. 10, 1948)

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Books REVIEWED



TO HELL AND BACK. By Audie Murphy. Henry Holt and Co. \$3.00

WHEN Murphy was first publicized in the July, 1945, issue of *Life* Magazine as the most decorated American soldier of World War II many combat veterans probably looked at his young face and, a bit skeptically, wondered who Murphy had known to fare so well in the decorations department. Most infantrymen knew that few foot soldiers, although they may have deserved it, lived long enough to wear that many medals. Murphy must have been seen at the right places by the right people.

Audie was in the right place for action—and for medals, mostly Purple Hearts. He was a member of the Third Infantry Division, one of the hottest divisions in the ETO. The Third saw more days of combat and suffered more casualties than almost any other two divisions in any war theatre.

From North Africa, Sicily, Italy, Anzio, Southern France, the Vosges and the Colmar pocket to Germany, the Third Division fought, sweated, and bled with the best, and "lucky" Murphy was in on most of it.

Murphy, a small, young looking private joined his rifle company in Africa. He had ambitions to fight and be a good soldier, but he had not been big enough to join the Marine Corps or the paratroops. Finally he pushed his way into a combat rifle company. There he got his belly many times full of the dangerous and rugged war that is the infantry way of life.

His story is focused on the characters in his squad, and as he is promoted, he switches to the men in his platoon. Finally, when he is commissioned in France, he takes over the company, but by this time his old pals are dead or have been evacuated. The men in his company are merely names that come and go so fast that he can't know them. Nor does he really want to undergo the numbing pain of seeing friend after friend fall at his side. He and the company go on and on—while most of the roster changes.

The book is easy, interesting reading. There is much witty dialogue and some

typical talk of fighting men living in danger close to the ground. I don't know how Murphy could remember so much of the repartee that went on among his men—but whoever helped him to build the anecdotes was clever. The men's talk often rings true.

The many combat incidents are excellent as are the battle field descriptions. Only a man who had heard the thud of bullet on flesh, or had seen the agony of dying soldiers, or had sighted in on an enemy helmet, could tell of these scenes in the off-hand and convincing manner which is apparent in "To Hell and Back."

That Murphy lived through it all is a wonder. If he saw and did only half of what he describes in the book he would still deserve plenty of ribbons. Murphy must have been a fine soldier and he writes a good, man's story which makes the reader feel humble in the presence of Americans like Murphy and his buddies.

"To Hell and Back" deserves a place in the archives of American war literature and will reflect much more credit on American fighting men than will such neurotic stories as Norman Mailer's best selling "Naked and the Dead."

—J.A.D., Jr.

TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC. By James A. Michener. The Macmillan Company, New York.

\$3.00

THE collection of stories in "Tales of the South Pacific" have a familiar ring to those men who shared Mr. Michener's experiences on the barren, sometimes beautiful, coral islands of the South Pacific. They are the stories distantly remembered and cherished after the sordid memories of battlefields and death have faded into the indistinct grayness of the past. They resurrect the feeling of the loneliness and repetition of too many months of living on a little coral rock. They are the stories passed along the island grape-vine, from one lonely man to another, of the fables which grew out of the Pacific war.

These are new stories, familiar to

the South Pacific veterans only because of their universal truthfulness. Perhaps there was not a lieutenant by the name of Bill Harbison or a guy named Joe who sat on a rock and promised himself, "I ain't gonna let it get me down!" But in the Pacific, heels like Harbison cropped up wherever there were too many hours of leisure and a few friendly nurses with whom to while away the lonely evenings. Here the tragic story of Joe was re-enacted a hundred times.

The 19 stories in the book stand by themselves, but following the character of the war they relate there is an overlapping of plots and men. A character, once introduced, remains in one's mind and waits to be rediscovered on another rock or during another campaign.

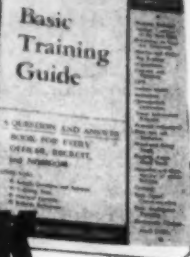
The book is rich in emotional content, and paints a picture of the time between the battles in colors true and poignant. Mr. Michener says: "... our war was waiting. You rotted on New Caledonia waiting for Guadalcanal. Then you sweated 20 pounds away on Guadal waiting for Bougainville. There were battles, of course. But they were flaming things of the bitter moment. A blinding flash at Tulagi. A day of horror at Tarawa. An evening of terror on Kuralei. Then you relaxed and waited. And pretty soon you hated the man next to you, and you dreaded the look of a coconut tree."

Mr. Michener paints the portraits of almost all the types of men who fought the Pacific war, a war unlike any preceding war, and probably the last of its kind. "They will live a long time, these men of the South Pacific. They had an American quality. They, like their victories, will be remembered as long as our generation lives. After that, like the men of the Confederacy, they will become strangers. Longer and longer shadows will obscure them, until their Guadalcanal sounds distant on the ear like Shiloh and Valley Forge."

Because "Tales of the South Pacific" concerns itself with men at war—men who might be your neighbors—it will outlive the analytical histories which lightly treat the campaigns known in detail to so many.

F.X.G.

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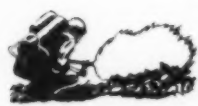
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